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DESTINATION:  
OR,  
MEMOIRS  
OF  
*A PRIVATE FAMILY.*

VOL. II.





DESTINATION:  
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MEMOIRS  
OF  
*A PRIVATE FAMILY.*

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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MEMOIRS  
OF  
*A PRIVATE FAMILY.*

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I LEARNED at my return home, that my brother John's behaviour was as a caustic preying continually upon my father's heart.—He grew worse every year, he frequented taverns, was vicious and profligate, and ran in debt with every body that would lend him money.

Mr. Ashford's bounty, added to my father's allowance, kept me always in cash. I often discharged John's debts,

and thought that I thereby kept many vexations from my dear father's knowledge; I spent no money idly, but employed it for these purposes, and thought it well laid out.—I gave John advice and remonstrances, but he only abused and insulted me.

Mr. Robert Bartlett was very assiduous in his business and in his studies, preparing himself for his ordination. His behaviour to me was fawning and obsequious. I visited my old neighbour's friends, who complained of my neglecting them, and with some reason. I discovered that Mr. John Eastwick was the man Mr. Ashford meant, when he hinted a wish to recommend a son-in-law to my father, if he had refused Robert Bartlett.

This worthy young man had offered himself to my sister: she had not refused him at first, but afterwards did; and he

thought she had used him ill. He had written many times to her, but his letters were not acknowledged nor answered. He suspected that they were intercepted by Robert Bartlett, who was making for himself an interest in her favour; and his suspicions were confirmed, by his declaring my father's consent and approbation of their engagement.

I kept this discovery from my father, knowing it would give him pain, and that he could not retract his consent.

I acquainted Mr. Ashford however, from whom I concealed nothing, and it confirmed his ill opinion of Robert Bartlett. Mr. Ashford always visited us in the Christmas vacation, and I spent the Midsummer one with him. My father now went seldom from home, and then only for a day or two. We heard from our friends in India the following year : they told us of their plea-

sant voyage and safe arrival, their introduction to Mr. Ashford's friend there, and their being employed in the India Company's service.

Mr. Ashford received a letter from Mr. Clarkson, his friend in India, in the course of the following year, in which he spoke of both the young men. He gave the preference to Tom Ashford, as the more regular and most obedient of the two, but hoped his influence with Arthur would induce him to conform to rules and duties.

When the Company's ships came home the second year, we had letters as usual.—Mr. Ashford one from each of his youths, and I one from each also.—They follow here.

‘ Dear Sir,

‘ I write to you in confidence, because I do not choose to give trouble  
‘ to Mr. Ashford ; though things do  
‘ not



• not go quite right at present, they  
• may hereafter, and I wish you to keep  
• to yourself what I shall communicate.

• That Arthur Stanmore is a noble  
• fellow, I need not tell you; but that  
• he is too noble, too honest, and ge-  
• nerous to succeed in the way he is put  
• into, seems a strange thing to say, and  
• yet is neither more nor less than the  
• truth.

• His heart is warm and benevolent,  
• his passions are strong, his mind has  
• nothing to conceal; but he sees too  
• readily the defects of other men, and  
• he cannot conceal his approbation nor  
• his disgust. He speaks his mind too  
• freely. He supports those whom he  
• thinks oppressed, against the oppress-  
• or. This makes him frequently take  
• side with the natives here against the  
• Company's servants, and brings him  
• into discredit with them. His heart,  
B. 3 • conscious



‘ conscious of its own worth, disdains  
‘ concealment; he does a thousand ge-  
‘ neros, but imprudent actions.

‘ I have many times stood forward in  
‘ his behalf, and had him excused,  
‘ where he would have been condemn-  
‘ ed; but I despair of his ever getting  
‘ forward in the Company’s service. I  
‘ will let you know from time to time  
‘ what he is doing. I rely upon your  
‘ discretion, and am always, dear sir,  
‘ your very sincere friend and servant,

‘ THOMAS ASHFORD.’

ARTHUR STANMORE TO WILLIAM  
BARTLETT.

‘ My dear William,

‘ There were but a few persons in  
‘ England that made me regret leaving  
‘ it; you were the first, Mr. Ashford  
‘ the second, Samuel Stanmore the  
‘ third. Perhaps the first place is due

‘ to

‘ to Mr. Ashford ; but my love to him  
‘ is the most respectful, to you the most  
‘ tender.

‘ My regard to my father has some-  
‘ thing too like compassion in it, as to  
‘ one who would be just to me if he had  
‘ the *sense*, or the *courage*, or the *virtue*  
‘ to be so. Take which word you like  
‘ best, or you may substitute another.

‘ I have a kindness for George Ash-  
‘ ford, and for most of my old school-  
‘ fellows ; with something very like an  
‘ aversion to Mr. Robert Bartlett, and  
‘ I care not if he knew it. I have dis-  
‘ covered myself to be a moral agent,  
‘ and a citizen of the world. It is worth  
‘ a voyage to India to discover these  
‘ two things ; for perhaps if I had lived  
‘ at home, I might never have known  
‘ them at all.

‘ I thought that I knew the differ-  
‘ ence between right and wrong, and

‘ that the same distinctions were acknowledged everywhere ; but I find  
‘ it is no such thing, and that what is  
‘ called wrong in England is called  
‘ right in India, and that those who have  
‘ the power may do any thing without  
‘ control.

‘ I do not like the Englishmen who  
‘ are stationed here, and I am forbidden  
‘ to make acquaintance with the natives. They seem harmless and good  
‘ creatures, and I see them injured and  
‘ oppressed by those who ought to be  
‘ their protectors. Tom Ashford says  
‘ I must not speak a word, nor seem to  
‘ see such things.

‘ I thought commerce had been for  
‘ the mutual benefit of both sides, but  
‘ I find it is for one side only. I am  
‘ troubled for Mr. Ashford, lest he  
‘ should be displeased with me ; but as  
‘ for the people here I do not like  
‘ them,

‘ them, and I believe they like me as  
‘ little. Tom Ashford is a favourite  
‘ with them, and what they do for me  
‘ is for his sake. I will try to please  
‘ Mr. Clarkson, who chides me, and  
‘ laughs at me. You shall hear further  
‘ from me next year; in the mean time  
‘ love me and pray for me, as I do for  
‘ you. Farewell.

‘ ARTHUR STANMORE.’

I kept the contents of these letters to myself. I pursued my studies at home, and was preparing for the university. My father’s health was on the decline; he took another usher into his school, and Robert Bartlett took part of his duties upon him, which increased his consequence.

My brother John’s conduct increased my father’s malady. After two years’ stay with Mr. Barton, he ran away with another worthless young man, whom he

B. 5

called

called his friend. He left a note, signifying that he would no longer be any man's slave and drudge, but was gone to London to seek his fortune.

My father was grieved and hurt at this event; he reproached himself for his false indulgence to John in the early time of his life. He wanted to go after him, to find him and bring him home; but he first consulted Mr. Ashford, who disapproved of his design. "If," said he, "you should persuade your son to return with you, he will expect you to comply with every thing he thinks fit to ask of you, or else he will break away again, depending always upon your forgiveness."

"What then would you advise me to do?"

"Let him run his course—let him feel the consequences of his disobedience and extravagance; if any thing  
" can



“ can reclaim him, it must be his suffering for his faults ; let him smart for them. Instead of your seeking him, let him seek you ; and when he returns humbled and penitent, I well know how he will be received by his too fond and indulgent father.”

My father was convinced of the justice of his reasoning, and consented to wait the event ; but he wrote to a friend in London to inquire after him, to relieve his wants, and to persuade him to return to his master.

The first year that I was at college, Mr. Robert Bartlett was, by my father's interest, admitted to deacon's orders. His self-importance was increased by it, of which he made all that were under him sensible : to my father he was obsequious ; civil and insinuating to me ; humble and fawning to his mistress. I often thought of the warnings I had re-

ceived from Arthur and others, and was rather on the reserve with him.

His engagement to my sister was confirmed by my father, and as soon as he could obtain a curacy they were to be married; my father declared it to every body, and I was desired to hold myself in readiness to assist at the wedding. I now found occasions to put in practice the advice of my dear father, respecting my conduct at college. I loved to be in good company, but the higher I went I found the more irregularities. I could not afford to spend with them; I could not approve their behaviour; I would not game nor drink with them. I found them sunk in luxury and dissipation, and was obliged to go several steps lower in order to keep better company. Such are the manners of the youths of quality and affluence; such  
are



are the once famous schools of learning and virtue !

By a foreigner of distinction from the Low Countries, I received another letter from Arthur Stanmore.

‘ Dear cousin and brother,

‘ I send this letter by a Dutch ship,  
‘ that it may come to your hand  
‘ without passing through those of  
‘ others ; and perhaps I may do so in  
‘ future.

‘ I am grieved and disappointed  
‘ that I cannot answer the expectations  
‘ of my best friend. I cannot conform  
‘ to the opinions and manners of the  
‘ people here ; they are foolish, con-  
‘ tradictory, and inconsistent : as my  
‘ mind opens, and my reason matures,  
‘ I see their errors, and judge for my-  
‘ self.

‘ God is the universal parent of all  
‘ his creatures, not the father of a small  
‘ part

‘ part of mankind, and a step-father to  
‘ all the rest. I see the same sun that  
‘ shines upon Britain, shine with in-  
‘ creased splendor upon India; I see  
‘ blessings peculiar to every country  
‘ that I have seen or read of, and to  
‘ every one that which is most conve-  
‘ nient for it.—I see the same great  
‘ outlines of moral good and evil every-  
‘ where, but the perverse interpreta-  
‘ tions of men wring and twist every  
‘ thing to the bias of their passions and  
‘ prejudices.

‘ If we read the great book of na-  
‘ ture, we shall seldom mistake the  
‘ sense of it; but if we adopt the pre-  
‘ judices of men, we shall fall into error  
‘ every moment.

‘ How much must the heart of man  
‘ be corrupted, and his reason depraved,  
‘ before he can believe that he has  
‘ a right to insult and oppress a country  
‘ that

‘ that permitted his countrymen to  
‘ settle in it, to promote trade and com-  
‘ merce for the mutual advantage of  
‘ both nations ?

‘ What kind of notions can men  
‘ have formed of religion, who think  
‘ they may lead a life of vice and pro-  
‘ fligacy, practise every species of dis-  
‘ honesty, fraud, and oppression, and yet  
‘ be good Christians ? that they may  
‘ harass the natives by cruel and severe  
‘ taxations and monopolies, drive them  
‘ to desperation by famine and cruelty,  
‘ and still be good Christians ? This  
‘ kind of orthodoxy reminds me of the  
‘ Spaniards, during the conquest (as  
‘ they call it) of Mexico and Peru, and  
‘ the conversion of the natives.

‘ I hope I am a Christian after an-  
‘ other fashion. I look upon the Gos-  
‘ pel and its laws with profound rever-  
‘ ence,

‘ ence, and try to regulate my passions  
‘ and my conduct by them.

‘ I look upon Christianity as much  
‘ more extensive and comprehensive  
‘ than crafty and narrow-hearted men  
‘ will allow of.—That it embraces the  
‘ whole race of mankind, and that uni-  
‘ versal charity and benevolence are the  
‘ first proofs of its influence upon the  
‘ hearts of men, who then glorify God  
‘ when they do good to all his crea-  
‘ tures.

‘ This is my religion; but be it  
‘ known to you that I am rebuked and  
‘ ridiculed for avowing such bad prin-  
‘ ciples. I have lost the friendship of  
‘ the good Christians here, by opposing  
‘ what was contrary to my principles,  
‘ and praising what was honest, just, and  
‘ true. Mr. Clarkson turns his back  
‘ upon me, and even Tom Ashford  
‘ looks cool.

‘ There

‘ There is a black merchant, a native, who has taken a liking to me, and shewn me marks of esteem and friendship.—He gives me wise and good advice. “ You are too honest (said he) to make a fortune here, and too generous to grow rich any where. You speak and act rightly, but your virtues are a reproach to your countrymen, who do not practise them: you must be silent and discreet, rest contented with the approbation of your own heart, and regard not the scorn of others.”

‘ I thanked him for his admonitions, and promised to observe them. He permits me to visit him privately, and charges me to keep our friendship a secret from my countrymen. The last visit I made him he looked upon me with particular meaning, saying, “ I have cast mine eye upon you for a  
“ certain



“ certain purpose, which I shall not at  
“ present explain. When the Com-  
“ pany have discharged you their ser-  
“ vice, I will speak further—do not  
“ despair of an honest and profitable  
“ employment; remember that I am  
“ your friend.”

‘ This hope has strengthened my  
‘ mind, and I rely upon it. Continue  
‘ to love me, my dear cousin, as I shall  
‘ you to the last hour of my life; be  
‘ assured that I will never do any thing  
‘ to make you or Mr. Ashford ashamed  
‘ of me.

‘ ARTHUR STANMORE.’

We had letters from India every year; they were always unfavourable towards Arthur Stanmore, and the contrary to Thomas Ashford, who was Mr. Clarkson’s favourite. By blaming and ridiculing the conduct of his superiors, Arthur made himself disliked and censured by

by them ; they grew jealous of his abilities and of his virtues, and shewed him marks of displeasure and contempt.

In the fourth year of the young men's residence in India, Mr. Ashford received a letter from his friend Mr. Clarkson ; I transcribe all that relates to our young adventurers.

‘ The strange, yet noble youth you  
‘ have sent us, is too eccentric a character to conform to the general rules  
‘ of government by which all the rest  
‘ of the Company's servants are restricted and governed. He wants  
‘ discretion, which is the most useful of  
‘ all qualities in a subordinate station.  
‘ He praises and blames, without reserve, the actions of his superiors ;  
‘ he disapproves their motives of conduct, and their profits also. He is beloved by all the lower servants of the  
‘ Company, but hated by those whom  
“ he



‘ he censures and condemns. He is  
‘ brave, honest, generous, and sincere;  
‘ but he wants prudence, which is ne-  
‘ cessary to make advantage of those  
‘ noble qualities, and he will never gain  
‘ preferment here. Thomas Ashford  
‘ has good sense, industry, and pru-  
‘ dence ; I will answer for his success  
‘ here. I thought it proper to describe  
‘ the character of Mr. Stanmore, in or-  
‘ der to prepare you for the conse-  
‘ quences. I have given him a serious  
‘ admonition, and warned him that he  
‘ would never gain favour or prefer-  
‘ ment. I advised him to go into the  
‘ military line, where his courage and  
‘ generous qualities would be shewn to  
‘ advantage. He answered, that his  
‘ principles would not allow him to  
‘ make a trade of shedding the blood  
‘ of his fellow-creatures, especially of  
‘ the natives of the country, already  
‘ oppressed.

‘ oppressed by those who ought to be  
‘ their protectors. I bade him be silent  
‘ on that head if he had any regard for  
‘ himself, or wished for any countenance  
‘ from others.—‘ You, sir, (I said,) who so  
‘ freely blame your friends and protectors,  
‘ what can you do without them? What  
‘ are you qualified for? How can you  
‘ maintain yourself?’—‘ Sir, I humbly  
‘ conceive that I am qualified to be a  
‘ trader; I came hither for that pur-  
‘ pose; cannot I be allowed to trade by  
‘ and for myself?’

‘ No, sir, you are the Company’s ser-  
‘ vant, you can do nothing without their  
‘ permission. You have, without fully  
‘ understanding their business or de-  
‘ signs, made yourself a judge, and a  
‘ censurer of their conduct; you have  
‘ affronted your superiors; how can  
‘ you expect favour or preferment from  
‘ them? I wonder they have not before  
‘ this

‘ this dismissed you from their service.’  
‘ —As to that, sir, if I am of no service  
‘ to them, and they determine to be of  
‘ none to me, they may dismiss me from  
‘ their service as soon as they please.’—  
‘ Rash and indiscreet young man ! what  
‘ will you do when nobody will counte-  
‘ nance or support you ?’—‘ Sir, I shall  
‘ endeavour to do without it ; Provi-  
‘ dence has provided a resource for me.’

‘ A resource ! Pray tell me what  
‘ kind of one ?’ He stood in a state I  
‘ cannot easily describe : his look bold,  
‘ steady, and resolved ; collected within  
‘ himself, yet reluctant to answer my  
‘ question. I urged him by every rea-  
‘ son I could suggest to tell me : last  
‘ of all, by his regard to you, sir, and  
‘ his respect to me as your representa-  
‘ tive and his protector ; he could not  
‘ withstand this adjuration. He then  
‘ surprised me, indeed, by telling me  
‘ that

‘ that he had made a connexion with a  
‘ black merchant, a native of Bengal,  
‘ who had promised to give him his  
‘ niece in marriage, and to send him  
‘ into a distant country to carry on a  
‘ trade as his factor.

‘ You are imposed on (said I) ; a  
‘ native will not give his child to a  
‘ stranger, nor yet to a countryman, un-  
‘ less to one of his own cast.’—‘ I know  
‘ that very well,’ answered he ; ‘ but this  
‘ maiden is excluded from every cast.’—  
‘ How can that be?’—‘ Hear me tell you,  
‘ sir.—Her mother was a Gentoo, but  
‘ her father was an Englishman, one of  
‘ the Company’s favoured servants.—  
‘ A robber and a ravisher, but still a  
‘ man of honour and a good Christian.  
‘ He stole this poor girl from her pa-  
‘ rents, and kept her with him six  
‘ months at his country seat, and then  
‘ sent her back to her parents, with  
‘ shame

‘ shame and contempt for her portion.  
‘ Her parents, despairing of seeing her  
‘ again, had left their dwelling, and  
‘ gone to another province. She might  
‘ have been starved, but for the huma-  
‘ nity of her mother’s brother, who  
‘ sheltered her under his roof. Over-  
‘ come with grief and shame, she was  
‘ there delivered of a daughter, and  
‘ died a few days after; leaving her in-  
‘ fant to the charity of her good uncle.  
‘ He has indeed been a father to this  
‘ poor orphan. He is a man of virtue  
‘ and benevolence, but not entirely free  
‘ from the prejudices of his country.  
‘ He cannot marry her to a Gentoo,  
‘ for the reasons you have assigned; but  
‘ he may give her to an Englishman,  
‘ whom he believes to be honest and  
‘ faithful, and worthy of his trust, and  
‘ whom he thinks qualified to be his  
‘ factor and his friend. Now, sir, I  
‘ rely



‘ rely upon your honour and fidelity  
‘ that you will not disclose my designs  
‘ to the council, nor to any man living,  
‘ excepting Mr. Ashford. I desire to  
‘ be dismissed from the Company’s ser-  
‘ vice as a useless person; and hope  
‘ you will have the goodness to do this  
‘ for me.’—‘ Are you resolved on tak-  
‘ ing this step, Mr. Stanmore?’—‘ I  
‘ am, sir; I have pledged my word and  
‘ honour.’—‘ Well, sir, I will get your  
‘ dismissal, giving for reason that you  
‘ resolve to travel to other parts of  
‘ India; and I will pay you the money  
‘ that is in my hands.’—‘ I thank you,  
‘ sir, for all your good offices, and most  
‘ for this last, which leaves me under  
‘ great obligations.’ He then left me;  
‘ I bade him call on me the week  
‘ after, when I paid him his money, and  
‘ gave him his dismissal. I have  
‘ thought it proper to give you an ac-

‘ count of these things, and to prepare  
‘ you for whatever may happen. I wish  
‘ the young man may be happy in his  
‘ connexion, and successful in his ro-  
‘ mantic plans and undertaking. I  
‘ leave him a resource in the friendship  
‘ of Mr. Thomas Ashford, who for  
‘ your sake will do every thing in his  
‘ power to serve him, and to save him  
‘ from ruin. I am always, sir, your  
‘ true friend and servant,

‘ M. CLARKSON.’

This account of Arthur's character and conduct gave him great concern; it disappointed his hopes and expectations of his favourite child. He was hurt the more, because it seemed to justify his father's prognostics of him, and destroyed his own; it also contradicted one of his maxims, that a man ought to choose his own destination, and  
that



that he could never be eminent in any profession but that which nature pointed out to him : however, he determined to conceal this intelligence from the Stanmores, and to wait for better tidings hereafter.

The following year I had a summons from Cambridge, to be present at the marriage of Robert Bartlett and my eldest sister.—As it seemed to give pleasure to my father, I shewed no dislike to it ; but the more I saw of Robert, the more I was disgusted with him. I saw in him pride and meanness, deceit and cunning ; but I congratulated him on his marriage, and wished them happy.

I now took upon me the style of manhood and my father's son, to whom he had given the rights of eldership. Robert paid me the most flattering attentions, but I could not open my heart to him ; there was something repulsive

about him, and beside, I was guarded against him.

My father now expressed a wish that we might, after his decease, carry on the school in partnership together. I begged that he would leave me an option, in case I should find reason to refuse this appointment. We consulted Mr. Ashford on this occasion: he gave sentence on my side the question. My father said he designed to make his will, and invited Mr. Ashford to come over, and give his advice and assistance. He came accordingly, and gave advice that my father should leave the house and furniture to me, and every thing necessary to carry on the school business; that I should have power to carry it on by myself, or to choose my own partner. My father said this would be hard upon Robert, who had been labouring in it for so many years, and was a faithful assistant.

ant. To make this easy, I promised to my father, that if I took any partner it should be him, but that at present I had no inclination to the school; yet it was not impossible that I might alter my opinion. The will was made and executed while Mr. Ashford was with us; and he returned home the day after.

While I was at my father's, a man in a sailor's dress inquired for me by name. After convincing him that I was the person meant, he gave me a packet, saying it came from a dear friend of mine, a man who was beloved by every one that knew him.

He came from London on foot to find me out, and would have gone to the Land's-end to oblige Mr. Stanmore, who was as worthy a gentleman as ever lived. I offered to pay the man for his trouble; but he told me Mr. Stanmore had paid him nobly, and desired him to

give the letter into my own hand. As soon as he was gone I opened my letter.

ARTHUR STANMORE to WILLIAM  
BARTLETT, Junior.

‘ Dear friend and brother,

‘ I reckon that by this time you have  
‘ heard strange stories of me ; but do  
‘ not believe any thing that can lessen  
‘ me in your affection or esteem ; I  
‘ cannot bear that you should think ill  
‘ of me, nor yet that I should lose any  
‘ part of Mr. Ashford’s good opinion,  
‘ which is equally dear to me.

‘ It is true that I am dismissed from  
‘ the Company’s service, but not for  
‘ any dishonest or wicked actions ; it  
‘ was at my own request. I have done  
‘ nothing to make any of my friends  
‘ blush for me ; I could not bear to  
‘ live under such an idea.

‘ I have

‘ I have made a connexion with a  
‘ merchant of this country ; a man so  
‘ good that I am sure my uncle Bartlett  
‘ would love and esteem him : he is now  
‘ my uncle, and my father also. I am  
‘ in partnership with him in an honour-  
‘ able and profitable trade. Though I  
‘ heartily disliked my former mean and  
‘ servile situation, I must say that Mr.  
‘ Clarkson’s behaviour to me was  
‘ honest and generous. After giving  
‘ me his advice and admonition, he  
‘ paid me all the money I had put into  
‘ his hands ; which, to say truth, I did  
‘ not expect to receive from him.

‘ This was a welcome introduction  
‘ to my new uncle, who accepted it as  
‘ a proof that I was of a family of pro-  
‘ perty and respectability ; and he put  
‘ it into my power to employ it to my  
‘ advantage.



‘ I dare not yet write to my dear  
‘ godfather, but I promise myself a con-  
‘ tinuance of his and your affection and  
‘ esteem : for the rest, I shall make my-  
‘ self easy, knowing that I have done  
‘ nothing unworthy of a Christian and  
‘ an honest and virtuous man.

‘ I send this by an honest sailor, who  
‘ promises to deliver it into your hands.  
‘ Whenever I can meet with a safe and  
‘ trusty messenger I will write more at  
‘ large, and give you proofs of my re-  
‘ membrance and affection. I am in a  
‘ way to get forward in an honest and  
‘ profitable employment. I rely upon  
‘ your friendship, as I hope and trust  
‘ you do on mine, which is unalterable.  
‘ You will hear that I have marred my  
‘ fortune, but do not believe it. Tell  
‘ my dear friend and godfather that I  
‘ am in a way likely to make one ; and  
‘ that

‘ that for his sake I will pay due attention to it, that I may justify his generous cares and his affection to me. ’

‘ I have found here a patron and a father, who loves me much better than ever Isaac Stanmore and Margaret his wife did : he directs my conduct, and assists my endeavours to fulfil my duties ; but the crown of all my good fortune is a lovely and virtuous wife, who rewards my love and returns it. ’

‘ Write to me often, and tell me all that is said of me ; I will answer thee by every opportunity that offers. Dear friend, farewell ! Embrace in thy heart thy affectionate brother and friend, ’

‘ ARTHUR STANMORE.  
*Madras, March 20, 17—.* ’

I found Mr. Ashford so very uneasy about Arthur’s misconduct, that I  
C 5 thought

thought it my duty to shew him all the letters I had ever received from him. He was comforted by the last, and encouraged a hope that this child of his cares might at length answer his expectations, though not exactly in the way he had made for him. “ Arthur,” said he, “ is brave, honest, and generous, “ but he is eccentric ; such characters “ strike out new paths for themselves, “ and are frequently of more service to “ the world than those who walk in “ more beaten tracks : but at all events “ let us keep from his father’s family all “ those circumstances that would afford “ them any cause to exult in their own “ sagacity, and triumph over our disappointment. If we hear of any good “ fortune we will communicate it to “ them ; but if otherwise, they must “ know it one time or other, but not “ before it shall be necessary.”—I promised

mitted to observe secrecy till he should allow me to declare the whole story, but said every thing likely to confirm his better hopes.

My dear father's health was apparently declining; and he received a shock soon after, which contributed to break up a constitution already shattered and broken.

I spent the Christmas holidays with him at his own particular desire, and he informed me of the state of his affairs preparatory to the execution of his will. Robert Bartlett was all complaisance and servility to me. He was often remarking upon the laborious life of a schoolmaster, and trying to set me against it. I perceived his design, and suffered him to run the whole length of his line; sometimes giving him hopes of success, and at others crushing them. I saw plainly into his heart, and should

have let him know it, but my affection for my sister checked me, and made me keep up an appearance of regard for him.

He was more and more desirous to conciliate my friendship and confidence, and tried every method to obtain them. He lamented my father's declining health, and seemed to enter into all our family concerns, and to be warmly attached to every individual person in it. My sister, who really loved him, believed his professions, and thanked heaven for giving her such a husband: she praised him to me, and wished me to look upon him as my first friend; but I saw through all his arts and contrivances, and they only served to increase my distrust of him.

We were in appearance a family connected in the strictest bands of unity.

My



My father enjoyed the union, and confirmed it with his blessing and prayers ; it cheered his old age and decay, and every one strove to comfort and amuse him. We were in this state of tranquillity, when one day after dinner our servant came and told us that a beggar was at the stable-door, who refused victuals and drink, but said he had particular business with old Mr. Bartlett, which he could not disclose to any other man.

“ Son William,” said my father, “ go  
“ you and speak to him : tell him I am  
“ not well enough to go out, but that  
“ you are my representative, and he  
“ must tell it to you.”

I went directly and executed my commission ; but he was shy and reserved to me, and insisted on seeing my father. “ For God’s sake, sir,” said he,  
“ use your influence with your father !

“ —I must

“ —I must see and speak to him ; my  
“ fate depends upon it.”—“ I replied,  
“ my father is declining in health, he  
“ must not be ruffled or disturbed on  
“ any account ; pray tell your business  
“ to me.”

While I was speaking, my father had followed me into the stable, supported by his servant. As soon as the beggar saw him, he threw himself at his feet, he embraced his knees, and in a weak and tremulous voice cried,—*My father, I have sinned against heaven and thee, and am no longer worthy to be called thy son ! make me as one of the meanest of thy servants.*

My father exclaimed, “ Oh my son !  
“ my unhappy son John !” and fainted away.—I caught him in my arms and saved his fall.—I bade the servant call for more assistance.—They came presently, and brought a chair ; we carried.

ried my father into the house, and he came to himself again. As soon as he could speak, he called for his son John—he embraced him with the utmost tenderness, saying, “ I forgive, and may “ God forgive thee !” He then took my hand and united it to John’s, saying, *Rejoice and be glad, my son, for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.*

I advised my father to go to bed, and hoped a good night’s rest would relieve the fatigue he had suffered from such strong emotions. He took hold of John and me, and we assisted him upstairs and into his room. He sat down in a great chair by the fire-side, holding John’s hand in his.—I begged that he would let John go with me to wash and clean himself; but he would not suffer him to stir out of his sight.

I fetched

I fetched a suit of clothes of my own, and clean linen, and every thing necessary. John washed and dressed himself in my father's chamber, who seemed afraid of losing him again. I then embraced and welcomed my brother, and assured him of my cordial affection and friendship. My father thanked and blessed me for my kindness to him. At the hour of supper I went down to the family, and related the affecting scenes I had been witness to. Robert Bartlett had attended the school, and my sisters had been engaged in family duties. They had heard that our father had a fit; but they knew I was with him, and waited for further information from me.

They were much affected by my relation; but Robert's countenance had a gloom and chagrin upon it. He asked,  
Was

Was John to be received into the family as if he was an honour to it; was he to be rewarded for his misconduct?—I went into the school and fetched a bible; I turned to the 15th chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, and bade him read what was written there. He looked it over with marks of confusion and displeasure.

I took it from him and read it aloud, laying a strong emphasis on the behaviour of the elder brother, who reproached his father for his paternal forgiveness and joy for the prodigal's return. "Brother," said he, "you know  
" this is only a parable."—I replied,

Who spoke in parables I need not say,  
But sure he knew it was a pleasant way,  
Sound sense by plain example to convey.

DRYDEN.

"That is very fine, to be sure," said Robert; "but sir, in a house like this,  
" in



“ in a feminary of education, do not  
“ you think the example may do harm?”  
“ —No, sir, I think it can do harm no-  
“ where ; it was intended to be univer-  
“ sally known.—Here is the real story  
“ illustrated: Here is the returned prodi-  
“ gal, the indulgent father, and, you com-  
“ pel me to say, the murmuring, unfor-  
“ giving brother.”—“Oh, do not say so,”  
said his wife ; “ my Robert is not, can-  
“ not be the unforgiving brother.”—“I  
“ should be glad, my dear sister, to be  
“ convinced of the contrary ; surely the  
“ poor unhappy penitent suffers enough  
“ in his own heart, without further pu-  
“ nishment: thank God, he has a fa-  
“ ther’s house and arms open to receive  
“ him, let who will murmur or oppose  
“ it.”—“ Sir,” said Robert, “ I do not  
“ mean to oppose it.”—“ You have not  
“ the power, thank God !”—“ You are  
“ very

“ very severe upon me, sir, who have  
“ done nothing to deserve your censure;  
“ more so than upon the delinquent.”—  
“ You, sir, can applaud yourself, and  
“ you have advocates enough beside;  
“ poor John stands in need of them; I  
“ profess myself one, and am proud to  
“ follow my dear father’s example.”—  
“ So will we all,” said my sister. Robert  
lowered, and was silent. “ My dear  
“ Patty,” said I, “ go up stairs, and in-  
“ vite your brother John to come and  
“ sup with us; tell him we desire his  
“ company.”—“ That I will with plea-  
“ sure,” said Patty. She ran up stairs,  
and soon returned with her eyes full  
of tears. “ Poor brother John says he  
“ is unworthy to sit in your presence;  
“ he begs leave to stay in my father’s  
“ room; and he says, if you will send  
“ him an old blanket, or a carpet, he  
“ will

“ will roll himself up in it, and will lay  
“ in a corner of my father’s chamber,  
“ and be thankful for such a lodging.”—  
“ This must not be,” said I; “ cannot  
“ you order a bed and bedding to be  
“ laid upon the floor to-night, and to-  
“ morrow we will put a small bedstead  
“ into the room.” My eldest sister went  
out, and gave orders to this effect. In  
the mean time I took upon me to send  
a portion of our supper to my brother,  
and ordered some broth for my father.  
Mr. Robert was silent; he seemed  
crest-fallen and humbled: I resolved to  
take the style of my father’s representa-  
tive, and to preside at the table and in  
the family.

After supper I went up stairs, and sat  
with my father and brother; I made  
them both drink a glass of generous  
wine, which refreshed and comforted  
their

their hearts after too strong emotions ; I saw John well accommodated, and then retired to my own apartment.

The next day Mr. R. Bartlett had stroked down this displeasure ; he was smooth, fawning, and officious ; but the mask had dropped ; I saw that he was of a fordid, selfish nature ; and, recollecting the warnings I had received from different friends, I determined to be on my guard against his machinations.

In a few days time we perceived that poor John was far gone in a consumption. I sent for the best advice in our neighbourhood. The physicians confirmed our apprehensions : they told us he might linger out some months, but would never recover.

My father's first cares and attentions were directed to this unhappy young man. He placed Mr. R. Bartlett at  
the

the head of the school, and took two ushers under him; one for the English language, writing and arithmetic, the other for the learned ones. He devoted the chief of his time to his son John, who was a real penitent. He confessed his sins and his sufferings to his tender parent, whose heart felt them too intensely for his state of health. They were frequently shut up together in religious exercises, and seldom came among us except at meal-times.

I was obliged to return to college, but resolved not to stay there any longer than was necessary to obtain my degrees; and I charged an old servant, whom I could depend upon, to let me know the state of my father's health every week.

Mr. R. Bartlett was now elevated to the height of his ambition, but yet there



was a cloud upon his brow: I easily guessed the cause of it; the uncertainty of his continuance in that situation. I was resolved to preserve that uncertainty and my own option, and by that means the continuance of his good behaviour, if possible.

My father paid him fifty pounds a year as his curate, fifty more as his first usher, and a third fifty for my sister's expences. He had his own and his wife's board and lodging, two saddle-horses for use, and the command of the servants and family. He was in a much better situation than many clergymen with pretty good rectories. I returned to my college, I took what is called a good degree, I stayed there till my intelligencer told me that my brother was confined to his bed, and that my father never left him night nor day.

I came

I came home time enough to perform the last duties to this unhappy youth, and to devote myself entirely to my father. I tried to amuse his mind, and to divert his attention to other objects: he was sensible of my attentions, but told me they were to no purpose, that his constitution was worn out, and he only waited the final separation. He gave me his orders concerning his funeral. He had placed his will in Mr. Ashford's hands, whom he had wisely made his sole executor; having observed, that business of this kind frequently made breaches between the nearest relations. He gave me advice for my future conduct; he rejoiced at the apparent unity between his children, and hoped nothing would ever happen to disturb it. He offered to tell me the contents of his will, but I desired to be ignorant

ignorant of them till I had a right to know them. He said, " I had considered your brother John as living, and provided for him ; but you are now my only son, and what I intended for him will revert to you ; I believe that you deserve all that I can do for you, and I pray God bless you and prosper you ; I hope I have done justice to you all."—" I begged him to leave the subject, and promised to the utmost of my power to second his intentions in every thing.—I asked him whether he did not wish to see Mr. Ashford ?"—" He answered, No, he would not give unnecessary pain to his noble heart, and bade me not write to him till all was over. He advised me to rely upon him as the first and best of friends."—" I assured him I should always look up

“ to him as to a second father.” Mr. R. Bartlett seemed more indifferent to my father than formerly : the will was made and deposited, and he had nothing farther to hope or to fear. To me he was too polite to be sincere, asked my advice, and referred every thing to me.

My sisters attended my father with true filial piety. Poor Sarah was very big with child, and I would not suffer her to sit up with him, as she more than once offered to do. She was brought to-bed of a son just a month before my father died. He gave it the name of Thomas, in honour of his father and his brother ; and the child's father was gratified by it. He took occasion to observe, “ that his father  
“ was the elder branch of the family ;”  
to which I answered, “ And you, sir,  
“ have an *elder brother*, of whom I  
“ never

“ never heard that you took any notice  
“ since you came into this family ; nor  
“ yet of your younger brother, who,  
“ as I am told, is a very honest young  
“ man.” He blushed a scarlet dye,  
and said no more upon the subject. My  
father declined by gentle degrees, and  
when nature was quite worn out, he  
died without a pang or a groan.

He had his senses to the last moment,  
and used them in continual ejaculations  
of faith, hope, and trust in his Creator,  
and in wishing to be re-united to his  
dear wife and children, who were gone  
before him. He expired in my arms ;  
and though I had long expected it, I  
felt overwhelmed with grief. As soon  
as I could collect myself I wrote a few  
lines to Mr. Ashford, requesting his  
presence as soon as possible, and sent it  
the same day by a special messenger,  
who was ordered to take fresh horses



every post. When this was done, I strove to comfort my dear sisters. Mrs. Bartlett had recovered from her confinement, and having been told to expect this event every day, she could not be surprised; but she felt it as a child. Mr. R. Bartlett looked rather gloomy than afflicted; his mind was working upon his present and future situation.

On the third day Mr. Ashford came, and brought with him Mr. Stanmore, to pay the last respect to my father. I referred every thing to Mr. Ashford, desiring him to give the necessary orders. He was deeply affected by the loss of so dear a friend, but he exerted himself to comfort and support his children. On the Sunday the funeral rites were performed, and the day added to the solemnity. The corpse was carried into the church before evening service began, and a worthy divine preached the  
funeral

funeral sermon. All the youths attended their master's funeral, behaved with the greatest attention, and shed tears of affection and sincerity. Mr. Robert Bartlett led his wife, and Mr. Ashford observed, that he took my place in following as first mourner: I followed, leading my younger sister, then Mr. Ashford and Mr. Stanmore, next the two ushers, then the scholars, and lastly the servants.

Never was man more truly beloved than my father, never was man more justly lamented. It seemed as if the whole parish had lost their father; and so in a sense they had. A good parish priest is one of the most venerable and most useful of characters; such an one never fails to meet the respect that is due to it. Those who complain of not obtaining this respect, are generally

such as deserve to be complained of. Virtue, accompanied with modesty and benevolence, never can fail of obtaining respect and affection.

The next day after the funeral Mr. Ashford assembled all the family, and opened the will.—He was too much affected to read it, but had brought the attorney who made it for that purpose.

The will began with a warm acknowledgment of the obligations of the testator, to the two friends who had contributed to his establishment in the world. He thanked God for having blessed his and their endeavours, by which he, who began the world with scarcely any property, was now enabled to leave comfortable fortunes to all his children. He requests them to use it with gratitude to God, and benevolence to all their fellow-creatures, to pursue the paths  
of

of virtue and industry, and rely upon Providence for their future success and happiness.

He gives to his eldest daughter Sarah the sum of twelve hundred pounds sterling, desiring, but not obliging, her husband to settle it firmly upon her and her children.

He gives to his daughter Martha the same sum, in full power as soon as she shall attain to the age of twenty-one years ; and in the interim the interest of the same.

He gives to his nephew and son-in-law, Robert Bartlett, a legacy of five hundred pounds, as an acknowledgment of his long and faithful services.

He gives a legacy of one hundred pounds to Mr. John Eastwick, as the representative of his worthy father ; and also a mourning ring.

He gives to Mr. Arthur Ashford a legacy of an hundred pounds, and a mourning ring, value ten guineas.

He gives to Mr. Isaac Stanmore a legacy of twenty guineas, and a mourning ring, value not specified.

He gives to all his servants a year's wages.

He gives a year's salary to each of his ushers.

He gives an hundred pounds to be divided between ten poor housekeepers, who have never been chargeable to the parish.

He gives another hundred pounds to be placed out at interest, to buy bread for the poor the first Sunday in every month.

He then gives to his beloved son William Bartlett the house and grounds he inhabits, with all the goods, furniture,



ture, plate, linen, books, and all the property belonging to the said estate.

He recommends it to the said William Bartlett to carry on the school, which he had done with so good success, either by himself, or with a partner, as to him shall seem best; and in case he chooseth to take a partner, he recommends his son-in-law Robert Bartlett as a well-qualified, discreet, and proper person: but he does not mean to oblige him to this, unless it be his will and pleasure.—In case the said William Bartlett shall not choose to take the said Robert Bartlett as his partner, he orders him to pay the said Robert the sum of one hundred pounds, to defray the expences of removing his family to some other place, but not in the same parish; otherwise the said William is not to pay him any thing more than his due.

He then orders the remainder of his fortune, which he believes to be at least three thousand pounds, to be divided into two equal parts ; one moiety thereof to be paid, within half a year after his decease, to his dear son William Bartlett, in full property, he being of full age to receive the same.

The other moiety to be placed in trustees' hands, by his executor, and the interest of the same to be paid quarterly to his unfortunate son John Bartlett, if he be living.

In case the said John Bartlett should marry and have children, such child or children to inherit their father's portion, in full property, after his decease.

In case the said John Bartlett should die without lawful heirs, then his moiety to revert to his son William Bartlett, and to his heirs for ever.

He

He then constitutes and appoints his dear friend Arthur Ashford his sole executor, administrator, and residuary legatee, and again makes acknowledgments for his kindness in taking upon him this trouble for his sake : and then signed and sealed.

WILLIAM BARTLETT.

All present heard the will in profound silence ; mine was only interrupted by sighs, and tears of affection and gratitude. The distinction my honoured father had made in my favour, raised me more than any honours conferred by mortals called Princes could have done ; I thought it a stimulus to me to deserve it. The changes in the countenance of Robert Bartlett were too remarkable to escape the notice of Mr. Ashford and myself. As he had the discretion to be silent, they might

perhaps escape that of others. We saw that he was disappointed in his expectations; we looked at each other, but said nothing. After this ceremony, Mr. Stanmore declared his resolution to return home on the morrow. He was gratified by his brother-in-law's remembrance of him, and expressed his acknowledgments. When we retired, Mr. Stanmore asked me if I had not heard from my friend and school-fellow? I confessed that I had, and that I believed he was in a very good way. "How comes it that he does not write to his parents?" said he.—"Sir, it is possible that he may have written, and that his letters have miscarried." He shook his head. "I never expect much comfort in him, but I shall have it in my son at home."—"I hope, sir, in all your children; you see my dear father provided for his  
" prodigal

“ prodigal son, before he knew that he  
“ was a penitent.”—“ Aye, aye, every  
“ man has a right to do as he likes  
“ with his own. Well, I hear a very  
“ good character of you, William, and  
“ I am glad that your portion is  
“ doubled.”—“ Alas, sir, I am not  
“ glad, I wish my dear brother had  
“ lived to enjoy it.”—“ Well, I see  
“ that you have your father’s way of  
“ thinking; however I wish you well,  
“ and I shall be glad to see you at my  
“ house.”—“ I thanked him, and we  
“ entered upon another subject.”

The next morning Mr. Stanmore left us. Mr. Ashford made me assume the master of the house; he applied to me as such, and made Mr. Robert understand that I was to act as such. He was sullen and silent, and seemed uneasy and dissatisfied. A few days after Mr. Ashford



ford entered into a conference with him upon the subject of his expectations.

“ It seems to me, sir, that you are  
“ uneasy at something ; is it possible  
“ that you can be dissatisfied with any  
“ part of your uncle’s will ?”

“ Not as a nephew, sir, but as a *son*,  
“ I own I had further expectations.”

“ Pray, Mr. Bartlett, what were  
“ your expectations ?”

“ Why, sir, I did hope,—I did expect,—that my father, whom I ever  
“ loved and served faithfully—that  
“ my father would have left me full  
“ partner with my brother William,  
“ both in the house and in the school.  
“ —I own I did expect it.”

“ What right, sir, had you to expect  
“ that Mr. Bartlett should give you the  
“ preference to his own son ?”

“ Sir,

“ Sir, as I am his daughter’s husband, and the son of his elder brother, I thought myself Mr. William’s equal.”

“ You thought very wrong, sir ; it would have made his son dependant upon you ; it would have been in your power to make a compelled partnership so disagreeable that he might have been glad to resign it to you.—Mr. Bartlett foresaw this : he has acted wisely, justly, generously, towards you and his son ; and it is your misfortune if you do not understand it.”

“ Sir, if I have said any thing to the contrary, I ask your pardon : but, sir, you asked me what made me uneasy.”

“ Yes ; I too well guessed the cause, and I am sorry to find it so.”

“ Sir,

“ Sir, my situation is uncertain ; I  
“ wish to have a more certain establish-  
“ ment, as I have a family coming on.”

“ Sir, your uncle at your age had  
“ not near so good a one ; however I  
“ wish to serve you for his sake ; have  
“ you any thing to propose ?”

“ Sir, I would be glad to purchase  
“ the school of my brother, and I wish  
“ you would have the goodness to pro-  
“ pose it to him.”

“ I will consider of it, sir ; but I  
“ think it cannot be, because it opposes  
“ the intention of Mr. Bartlett.”

“ Sir, my father always gave me  
“ hopes that I should one day be a  
“ partner in the school.”

“ You see what he meant by his will,  
“ sir ; I wish you would conform to it ;  
“ it would shew more gratitude to your  
“ benefactor.”

“ Sir,

“ Sir, I hope you will stand my  
“ friend in this business; I cannot even  
“ yet give up my hopes that you will.”

“ I shall do what I think is my duty,  
“ sir; I recommend it to you to check  
“ your ambition, and study gratitude  
“ and humility.”

So saying, Mr. Ashford left him, and came to me. He told me all that had passed between him and Robert. We had a long conference; the result of which will be seen. Mr. Ashford would not suffer me either to resign or to sell my right in the school to this man, but would keep him in a dependance upon his future behaviour.

There is a kind of discretion and cunning which, when assisted by perseverance, generally carries all its points in the end.

A few days after Mr. R. Bartlett attacked me upon the subject. I thought  
myself

myself no match for him, but referred him to Mr. Ashford; saying, I should be entirely directed by him.

Mr. Ashford did not decline the subject; he spoke before me; he wished to hear all that Robert had to say, and having sounded him "from his lowest note to the top of his compass," he desired me to answer him; which I did in the following terms:

" Though I think, sir, that you have  
" every reason to be thankful and satisfied with what has been done for you,  
" yet as there seems a plausibility in  
" some of your wishes for an establishment, as my sister's husband I am  
" desirous to do every thing that can  
" or ought to be expected.—I am but  
" a young man just entering into life,  
" I cannot yet tell what way I shall resolve upon; I will not defeat my father's wishes and expectations, before  
" I have



“ I have well considered. I shall re-  
“ turn to college, I shall sit for a fel-  
“ lowship, and put myself in the way  
“ of college preferment. I shall not  
“ take orders till I have some view of  
“ an establishment.—In the mean time  
“ I shall appoint you, sir, as my substi-  
“ tute, to preside over this school and  
“ family.—You shall do the duties,  
“ and receive the emoluments.—For  
“ the use of the house and furniture,  
“ and all other advantages, you shall  
“ pay me a stipulated sum annually ;  
“ and this shall be determined by Mr.  
“ Ashford on my part, and any friend  
“ you shall choose on yours : and now  
“ I think you can have nothing more  
“ to ask of me.”

Robert's countenance was illumined : he saw and foresaw that this compromise would bring about, in the end, all he wished. “ I do accept this  
“ proposal

“ proposal most gratefully, sir,” said he, “ and I thank both you and Mr. Ashford for your compliance with it.”

Robert did not let the business sleep. On the morrow he sent for an attorney, and desired us to let him draw up articles between us. Mr. Ashford asked whether he came here as Mr. R. Bartlett’s friend, or whether as an attorney to be employed by both parties ?

The man bowed, and hesitated.—  
“ He was Mr. Bartlett’s friend, and he  
“ hoped he might be employed between both parties.”—“ No, sir,  
“ that cannot be,” said Mr. Ashford.  
“ Mr. R. Bartlett was desired to bring  
“ a friend on his part ; but that person  
“ is not to draw up the articles. Be  
“ pleased, sir, to leave this business for  
“ a few days. I will send for you  
“ when every thing is settled. You  
“ shall

“ shall come as Mr. R. Bartlett’s  
“ friend, and you shall be heard and  
“ attended to.”

The man retired.—Robert was confused; he was again disappointed. The next day Mr. Ashford and myself went to a counsellor of eminence, and consulted him on the business. Mr. Ashford gave him the particulars, and desired him to have them drawn up in a proper manner, and ready for all parties to sign and execute.

He appointed the day, and sent to Robert Bartlett’s friend to come and be present on the occasion. The man had drawn up articles, which he offered on his client’s behalf. They were drawn up so artfully and equivocally, that it was doubtful whether Robert was to be the master or the substitute.

When the real articles were read,  
Robert and his friend stood aghast.

By

By them he was to pay to Mr. William Bartlett, his cousin, one hundred pounds *per annum* for the use of the house and furniture (the plate and linen excepted) and two pieces of meadow land, and another hundred for the good-will of the school, and all the emoluments thereof.

His friend made objections; they were answered: he was told that he need not accept them, unless he should think it for his advantage. Robert asked for an abatement: he was desired to continue in his present office, with the salary of a hundred pounds a year. He was silent. His friend then advised him to sign the articles without farther delay. He did so immediately. I signed them; so did Mr. Ashford. They were properly executed: the gentlemen dined and returned home, and Mr. Ashford took charge of the writings.

Mr.

Mr. Ashford declared his intention of going to London, to transfer my father's money in the stocks: he asked me to accompany him, and we fixed a day for our departure.

In the interim I had a private conference with my eldest sister. I inquired whether it was in my power to render her any service, and whether she was as happy in her marriage as she professed to be? She replied, "Indeed, brother, I have been very happy till lately, but I have been uneasy to perceive a disagreement between you and my dear Robert: he has been very uneasy too; but now that all things are settled between you, I hope I shall be happier than ever." My dear sister, I would not say any thing to lessen your opinion of your husband, though mine is lessened considerably; but as long as he be-

"haves



“ haves well to you, I forgive every  
“ thing else. You have many cares  
“ upon you ; your nursing is alone suf-  
“ ficient to fatigue you. Take care of  
“ your health, my Sarah, do not make  
“ yourself the slave of the family.  
“ Your husband can very well afford  
“ you proper assistants. Be you only  
“ the master wheel that sets the whole  
“ machine in motion, let others do the  
“ laborious part.”—“ I thank you,  
“ brother, and will observe your ad-  
“ vice ; but I will not neglect my du-  
“ ties, which are no more than my  
“ dear mother discharged before me ;  
“ I shall be proud to follow her ex-  
“ ample.”—“ Your mother hurt her  
“ health, Sally, by too close attention  
“ to family business ; do not follow  
“ her example in that respect, nor in  
“ one more point, do not shew a weak  
“ and partial fondness for any of your

“ children.—Pray is not Patty of service in the family ?”—“ She is, brother, she works at her needle, and mends the young gentlemen’s linen.” —“ Take care of her health also, my dear ; sitting too much is not good at her age. I love you both equally and warmly ; but I shall not see so much of you in future as in times past. Let me hear from you both, and do not scruple to consult me whenever I can be of any service to you : rely upon my friendship and affection, which nothing can alter through my whole life.” She wept, and said ; “ I am sorry to hear you say you shall see us but seldom ; I fear you and Robert are not quite right together.” —“ I am sure we ought to be ; I have done every thing to make him easy and happy ; the rest must depend upon himself. I love

VOL. II.                      E                      “ you,

“ you, my sister, most truly, and would  
“ do any thing you can ask me.”—“ I  
“ have nothing to ask, my dear brother,  
“ but that you will love my husband.”—  
“ That depends upon himself; I will  
“ love him as much as he will let me.  
“ God preserve you, my sister!” I embraced her and left her. I spoke to Patty. I desired her to write to me often, and to tell me whether she was happy; for that she should stay here no longer than while it was quite agreeable to her. She said she should not wish to leave her sister, unless any thing should happen to make her think her brother and sister wished her to do so.

Mr. R. Bartlett was again all smoothness and complaisance; he had carried most of his points to his great satisfaction, and he could not conceal his joy for our departure. The last evening

we spent I tried to be complaisant to him, and said many civil things for my dear sister's sake.—I told him I would depend on him to repeat my injunctions to her to take care of her health, and not to be too much fatigued with the cares and business of the family. He thanked me, and said I had obliged him by this attention to his wife, and he would second me to the utmost of his power.

“Sir,” said I, “you must let her have  
“ a housekeeper to take off that part of  
“ her cares, and then she will devote  
“ herself to the nursery business.” He bowed, and smiled assentingly.—  
“Come,” said I, “permit me to  
“ make this expence easy to you.—  
“ You have agreed to pay me a hundred a year from the emoluments of  
“ the school: I will remit fifty of it as  
“ a compliment for this purpose; there

“ is nothing I would not do to promote  
“ the happiness of so dear a sister.”  
Robert seemed highly gratified, and  
expressed his acknowledgments. Mr.  
Ashford said nothing, but a frown sat  
on his brow. We took an affectionate  
leave of each other, and I charged my  
sisters not to rise in the morning to see  
us again.

We went off very early ; but Robert  
paid us the compliment to rise and  
breakfast with us, and I dare say he was  
sincerely rejoiced to see us depart from  
his house.

We went on horseback to the next  
market town, and thence in the stage  
to London. Mr. Ashford had written  
to his correspondent to take lodgings  
for us in the city ; but the gentle-  
man insisted upon our lodging at his  
house. He was an officer in the India  
House, and a particular friend of Mr.  
Clarkson,



Clarkson, Mr. Ashford's kinsman in India. He was well acquainted with Mr. Ashford, and transacted all his business in London.

At our arrival we found a packet from India, with letters from Mr. Clarkson and Tom Ashford. They confirmed the tidings of the former year, and that Arthur Stanmore was gone to G—— as factor to his wife's uncle; and that was all they knew of him. Tom Ashford expressed the greatest regard for him, and said that he was at one time balancing whether he should not accompany him; but he thought his obligations to Mr. Ashford required that he should remain in the situation in which he had placed him; that Mr. Stanmore had staggered him with respect to the honesty of the means by which fortunes were made in India, and that it would render him very cau-

tious in his own conduct, that he might not do any thing at present to repent of hereafter. He made warm acknowledgments of Mr. Ashford's goodness to him, and of his endeavours to deserve his favour. He sent his best wishes and regards to his brother and to me. Mr. Clarkson spoke highly of Tom Ashford, and promised to use his interest in his behalf, and to get him into some lucrative employment.

London was new to me, and I enjoyed all that I saw with the surprise and pleasure which a young mind commonly feels upon such occasions; but I was soon convinced that the amusements and dissipations of it were dangerous to good morals and manners. I stayed no longer than till Mr. Ashford had finished the business which carried him thither. One day that Mr. Ashford had

had been absent longer than usual, he told me he had picked up a piece of news, which was that I had an elder brother alive. I begged him to explain this riddle.—“ You must know  
“ that I met with Lord A——’s steward, with whom I had formerly transacted some business in regard to the rectory of H—— for your father.  
“ He made an apology to me that the living was already promised before  
“ Mr. Bartlett’s son applied for it.”—  
“ I said I had some reason to know  
“ that Mr. Bartlett’s son had never  
“ made any application.”—“ I beg  
“ your pardon, sir, it was his eldest son,  
“ the gentleman who succeeds him in  
“ the school.”—“ I know who you  
“ must mean, sir; but give me leave to  
“ inform you that that gentleman is not  
“ his son, but his son-in-law only. Mr.  
“ Bartlett left but one son, who is not

“ yet in orders, and therefore could not  
“ apply for it.”—“ But, sir, this gen-  
“ tleman’s name is Bartlett.”—“ Very  
“ true, sir, he is the kinsman of Mr.  
“ Bartlett, and he has married his  
“ daughter.” I found some trouble to  
“ convince the steward of the truth ;  
“ but at last he believed me. You  
“ have had sufficient proofs of the cun-  
“ ning, the deceit, the meanness and  
“ selfishness of Robert Bartlett : this is  
“ a new one ; you see he will be your  
“ brother, and your elder brother too.”  
—“ Well, sir, let him be so, I cannot  
“ retaliate upon him ; he is my sister’s  
“ husband, and I wish him well.”—  
“ You are a tame pigeon, and exactly  
“ like your father ; however, pray be  
“ contented to wish him well at a dis-  
“ tance, and do not put yourself into  
“ his toils ; he would make his own  
“ fortune, and ruin yours ; beware of  
“ him !”

“ him !”—“ I thank you, sir, for your  
“ precautions : thus guarded, he cannot  
“ hurt me ; he can only degrade himself  
“ in our esteem.”

Mr. Ashford invited me to return home with him, but I excused myself; having been too long absent from college, I chose to return thither and pursue my studies. The day we left London we separated, and he returned home.

In the autumn, when the ships arrived from India, a parcel was brought directed to Arthur Ashford, Esquire, containing several pieces of muslin, a small case, inclosing three rough diamonds, a letter for Mr. Ashford, one for Mr. Stanmore, and a third to me. That to his father was very short; informing him that he was alive and well, that he was no longer in the service of the India company, but in partnership with two

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merchants,



merchants, natives of the country, and in a way to maintain himself without asking any further assistance from his friends in England, desiring to be remembered to his mother and brothers, with good wishes to all.

The letter to Mr. Ashford I shall transcribe here :

‘ Honoured and dear sir,

‘ I have been backward in writing to  
‘ you, because I feared my conduct  
‘ might be disapproved by you, and I  
‘ would not be explicit till my undertakings should be justified, or at least  
‘ excused, by success; yet you have  
‘ been always present to my mind, and  
‘ I have said to myself every step I have  
‘ taken, What would Mr. Ashford say  
‘ to this? How ardently I have wished  
‘ you present when any thing happened  
‘ to me that I thought would give you  
‘ pleasure,

‘ pleasure, or make you think well of  
‘ me! Oh! my dear friend, you know  
‘ not how solicitous I am to deserve  
‘ your good opinion, and the con-  
‘ fidence you have placed in me; I  
‘ could not live with any comfort if I  
‘ did not hope to justify your conduct  
‘ and kindness towards me. I am  
‘ afraid you will think I have married  
‘ too early; but the worthy man who  
‘ received me into his partnership and  
‘ protection, gave me his niece at the  
‘ same time; and my accepting her was  
‘ the pledge of my fidelity. Oh, my  
‘ friend! I am a husband and a father!  
‘ delightful names, that realise ideas  
‘ which are strongly felt, but cannot be  
‘ easily expressed!—They are the reward  
‘ of my labours, and the blessings of my  
‘ life. I am obliged to be absent from  
‘ my family above half the year, on bu-  
‘ siness for Serajah Souza my wife’s

‘ uncle, and Jusuf Saumi his friend and  
‘ partner. The trade is honest and pro-  
‘ fitable, but it is secret and hazardous:  
‘ I am the only European who is trusted  
‘ with any knowledge of it. Their  
‘ caution is but too well justified, by  
‘ the general conduct of those who boast  
‘ of their superior knowledge and civi-  
‘ lization. My business has more than  
‘ answered my expectation. I have  
‘ been just to my partners, and they  
‘ have been generous to me. I am en-  
‘ abled to provide for my family, and  
‘ I hope to be able to assist my friends  
‘ beside.

‘ I send by a Dutch ship a bill for  
‘ two thousand pounds, which I beg  
‘ you to dispose of as follows :

‘ One thousand is for the use of my  
‘ dear cousin William Bartlett, either  
‘ to purchase a living for him, or else  
‘ to be employed as you shall think best  
‘ for

‘ for his advantage. The other thou-  
‘ sand is for the use of my brother Sa-  
‘ muel: you will place it out as you  
‘ shall judge fit, and pay him the in-  
‘ terest of it yearly. I know he will be  
‘ kept poor and scanty, and as he  
‘ grows to manhood he will feel the ef-  
‘ fects of his parents’ sordid disposi-  
‘ tions: a little money paid regularly  
‘ will keep up his spirits; when he goes  
‘ into business for himself, the princi-  
‘ pal will help him in his outset: but  
‘ warn him to keep it a secret, or his  
‘ parents will do so much the less for  
‘ him. I shall send duplicates of the  
‘ bills by an English ship.

‘ Do not think much of what I am  
‘ doing; be assured, my dear sir, that I  
‘ can very well afford it: I hope to be  
‘ able to do more than this, and hardly  
‘ to feel it.

‘ I beg

‘ I beg your acceptance of a small  
‘ token of my love and gratitude. I  
‘ send some muslin for shirts and neck-  
‘ cloths, and three diamonds, which  
‘ are a commodity I deal in. I ear-  
‘ nestly desire that you will take the  
‘ largest for yourself, let it be set, and  
‘ wear it constantly on your finger in  
‘ remembrance of me; the second is for  
‘ my uncle Bartlett, and the third for my  
‘ cousin William; they are numbered  
‘ accordingly. I sometimes hear from  
‘ Tom Ashford: he is a good lad, and  
‘ I believe would not dislike to go my  
‘ journies; but he holds himself ob-  
‘ liged to remain in the situation in  
‘ which you have placed him, and you  
‘ will have reason to be satisfied with  
‘ his conduct in all respects.

‘ I have called my first-born son  
‘ Arthur Ashford; but I do not want  
‘ this



‘ this memento of my best friend and  
‘ my best father, to whom I am and  
‘ ever will be the most dutiful of sons,  
‘ ARTHUR STANMORE.’

Here follows my letter by the same  
pacquet.

‘ Dear William,

‘ I have at last taken courage to  
‘ write to my dear and honoured god-  
‘ father, and have given him an account  
‘ of my situation and employment;  
‘ which I hope will convince him that  
‘ I am doing well, and getting forward  
‘ in the line I am engaged in.—Tell  
‘ me in your next pacquet how he re-  
‘ ceives it, and whether he is satisfied.  
‘ Let me know when you are ordained.  
‘ I am resolved to ask my father to  
‘ give you the next turn of the living  
‘ of R——; but I do not expect he  
‘ will

‘ will do it.—If he refuses, I will desire  
‘ Mr. Ashford to purchase it as for a  
‘ friend of his, and present you to it.  
‘ This will be a glorious revenge upon  
‘ the fordid heart of Isaac Stanmore.  
‘ If he should give you the living, I  
‘ will bestow upon him a more tender  
‘ appellation.

‘ Do not think much of what I have  
‘ done, or shall do for you. Are you  
‘ not the chosen friend and brother of  
‘ my heart?—Have I not vowed to  
‘ share my fortune with you? Say not  
‘ a word in reply, unless you think me  
‘ unworthy of your friendship.—I love  
‘ you next to my wife and children.  
‘ William, I have a second son born to  
‘ me; he bears your name. My wife  
‘ is what a woman should be, gentle,  
‘ kind, and affectionate, modest and  
‘ unassuming. I am sorry to be so long  
‘ away

‘ away from her, but it cannot be  
‘ helped. She grieves when I leave  
‘ her, she joys when I return. My  
‘ babes are pretty creatures; I wish you  
‘ could see them. My wife is of the  
‘ mixt breed: my children are fair at  
‘ present, but I suppose they will grow  
‘ up darker.

‘ I have travelled into many coun-  
‘ tries, and have traced the hand of the  
‘ Universal Lord and Father every-  
‘ where. The men of this continent  
‘ are gentle and benevolent creatures;  
‘ quiet, secret, and circumspect. They  
‘ have strong prejudices against the  
‘ manners of all Europeans, and in fa-  
‘ vour of their own; the former are but  
‘ too well justified, the latter is natu-  
‘ ral, and perhaps providential.

‘ It is remarkable that the inhabit-  
‘ ants of India should differ so much  
‘ from those of Africa in the same de-  
‘ gree

‘ gree of latitude. These are ferocious  
‘ and cruel, they have cropped hair, flat  
‘ noses, blubber-lips, and strong fea-  
‘ tures. The Indians have strait hair,  
‘ fine limbs, agreeable features, and  
‘ many of them are very handsome ;  
‘ in short they seem to be a different  
‘ race of men. Different from both  
‘ these are the inhabitants of the coun-  
‘ try anciently called Mauritania, which  
‘ borders upon the Mediterranean ;  
‘ they are properly called Moors ; such  
‘ are the Algerines, and the inhabitants  
‘ of Tunis, Tripoli, Fez, and Morocco.  
‘ There is a gradation in colour and  
‘ features from hence to the southern  
‘ parts of Spain and Portugal, and  
‘ thence to Greece, to Italy, and to the  
‘ North countries. I am a citizen of  
‘ the world, a friend to all mankind, and  
‘ desire to know as much as I can of  
‘ it. At my leisure hours I read  
‘ books

‘ books of history and geography ; they  
‘ expand my heart, and my ideas also :  
‘ they raise my soul to the Universal  
‘ Parent, who has shewn marks of  
‘ his beneficence every-where ; they  
‘ raise my ambition to imitate and to  
‘ glorify him, by doing all the good I  
‘ can to all his creatures ; and this I  
‘ believe to be the best act of adora-  
‘ tion to the Creator. I hope my opi-  
‘ nions are not heterodox. When you  
‘ are in holy orders, William, I shall  
‘ make you my confessor, and you shall  
‘ correct me where I am wrong ; but  
‘ I intreat you to be assured of your  
‘ own faith before you undertake to  
‘ confirm and regulate mine.

‘ Present my duty and love to my  
‘ uncle Bartlett, with my affectionate re-  
‘ gards to your sisters, and to all who  
‘ are dear to us both ; but keep the  
‘ first



‘ first place for yourself in the heart of  
‘ your friend and brother,

‘ ARTHUR STANMORE.’

A short time after our pacquets from India were received, Mr. Ashford paid a morning visit to Mr. Stanmore. He was received in the room they generally sat in, and Mrs. Stanmore was present. After the usual greetings, Mr. Ashford told them he had lately heard from their son Arthur ; that he was no longer in the Company’s service, but was engaged in partnership with two merchants of the country, was making money very fast, and in a fair way of saving a fortune.

“ In partnership with merchants of  
“ the country !” said Mr. Stanmore ;  
“ why they are heathens and blacka-  
“ moors.”

“ No,

“No, not so, fir; not what you  
“mean by those names.”

“Why, what colour are they then,  
“fir?”

Mr. Ashford smiled.—“They are  
“not flat-nosed, nor blubber-lipped;  
“and they are not darker than mahog-  
“gany.”

“Mahogany! Lord help us!—Fine  
“partners indeed! and heathens be-  
“side,” said Mrs. Stanmore.

“I deny that,” said Mr. Ashford.

“What religion are they then, fir?”

“The religion of the patriarchs;  
“Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.”

“That cannot be,” said Mr. Stan-  
more.—“I have been reading an ac-  
“count of India lately, and I find they  
“are worshippers of *Mahomet*.”

“No such thing, fir; they believe  
“that Mahomet was a prophet; but  
“they worship one God only. Let us  
“leave

“ leave them to settle these points, and  
“ let us return to your son, who is not a  
“ Mahometan, nor in any danger of be-  
“ coming one.—If he makes his for-  
“ tune, I trust that you will forgive all  
“ the rest.”

“ How do you know he is making  
“ his fortune, sir ?”

“ Because he tells me so, and sends  
“ me handsome presents as an assurance  
“ that it is true.”

“ What presents has he sent you,  
“ sir ?”

“ You shall see presently.” He took  
from his pocket a box that contained  
the three diamonds, which he shewed.

“ And what are these good for ?”  
said Mr. Stanmore.

“ They are diamonds, sir, of great  
“ value.”

“ Will

“ Will they give you money for them ?” said Mrs. Stanmore.

“ I shall never offer them to sale, I assure you, madam.”

“ What then will you do with them ?”

“ Have them set in rings. One I shall wear, another was for Mr. Bartlett, and the third is for William : such is Arthur’s wish, and I am charged with the care of it.”

“ Much good may it do you, sir !— I care not about it.—He sends us nothing at all,” said his mother.

“ Then he sends you a receipt in full, madam, for the present you made him when he took leave of you.”

“ I have forgot what that was—how—ever——”

“ You refused to give him any token of love or remembrance. But  
“ laying

“ laying that aside, what would you wish  
“ him to send you ?”

“ Oh, there are many pretty things  
“ that come from India—chintzes,  
“ muslins, shawls, and so forth.”

“ Then, to shew that he does re-  
“ member you, I have in my pocket a  
“ parcel for you, madam.” Here he  
took out a bundle of muslins which he  
had selected for her.—She took it ea-  
gerly from him. He rose and took  
leave of Mr. Stanmore. He told the  
lady, “ Were I in your place, I should  
“ be humbled and mortified at receiv-  
“ ing this proof of the regard of a son  
“ you have so ill used.” He left her  
in disgust ; and a few days after he wrote  
me all the particulars of this curious  
visit.

He was concerned that Arthur had  
taken no notice of his parents, and con-  
trived this present, hoping to mollify  
the



the sordid mind of Mrs. Stanmore before he informed her of Arthur's marriage, but was so disgusted at her behaviour that he came away abruptly.

A short time after, Mr. Stanmore called on Mr. Ashford, who gave him a serious remonstrance on his own and his wife's behaviour to their son Arthur. He told him he ought not to expect that Arthur should shew any marks of respect or affection to them; that all duties were reciprocal, and that all filial affection arose from a sense of gratitude and kindness. Having humbled him a little, he made him acquainted with Arthur's marriage. — Stanmore shewed signs of surprise. — “Married! — what a boy! — a child! — an infant!”

“No, sir, when a person is a husband and a father, he is no longer to be called by those names.”

“ He a husband?—he a father?—  
“ what absurdity !”

“ It is true, however ;—I believe he  
“ is the father of two children, now I  
“ recollect what he said in William’s  
“ letter.—It is owing to his wife that he  
“ is in such an advantageous situation.”

“ Then I suppose she is a blacka-  
“ moor.”

“ No, she is the daughter of an  
“ Englishman.”

“ It is a strange story all together, and  
“ like your books of adventures.”

“ There you are not much mistaken.  
“ Arthur is an adventurer ; it was his  
“ desire to be one ;—but if he makes  
“ his fortune, I promise myself that you  
“ will forgive him that adventure.”

“ I don’t know that any body else  
“ will be the better for it.”

“ Who else should be the better for  
“ it?—You were anxious lest he should  
“ call

“ call upon you for more ; now you  
“ find he can stand alone, and pro-  
“ vide for a family, surely you ought  
“ upon your own principles to be satis-  
“ fied with him.”

“ I don’t know what to think of it ;  
“ it seems to me to be nothing but  
“ dreams and fables.”

“ Well, then, leave these fables to  
“ time to explain, and do you go on  
“ dreaming of getting money till the  
“ old fellow gives you a slap on the  
“ shoulder, and brings you a sum-  
“ mons.” Isaac looked frightened. He  
rose up, took his leave, and returned  
home to surprise his wife with the rela-  
tion of his own astonishment, and the  
strange news of Arthur’s being a hus-  
band and a father.

Mr. Ashford wrote me an account of  
these curious conferences, and invited  
me to visit him as soon as I could con-  
veniently

veniently be spared from my college duties.

In the mean time he received the following letter from my sister Patty, which he transmitted to me soon after.

‘ Honoured and dear sir,

‘ I ask pardon for troubling you with  
‘ my affairs, but you were my dear fa-  
‘ ther’s best friend, you are my guar-  
‘ dian, and I love you, next to my bro-  
‘ ther William, the best of any man  
‘ alive.

‘ I have written three times to my  
‘ brother William, and have not re-  
‘ ceived any answer. I cannot help  
‘ suspecting that my letters are inter-  
‘ cepted : I hope I do not judge falsely  
‘ or uncharitably ; it was to consult my  
‘ brother on a certain occasion, which I  
‘ will explain to you, sir, for I will not  
‘ do any thing without his and your  
‘ approbation.

‘ Ever

‘ Ever since you left us, my brother-  
 ‘ in-law Mr. R. Bartlett has behaved to  
 ‘ me in a very proud and reserved way.  
 ‘ —He complains often of the great  
 ‘ expences of housekeeping, and that  
 ‘ every one in the family ought to spare  
 ‘ for him.

‘ Sir, I always in my dear father’s  
 ‘ time worked for the young gentle-  
 ‘ men, and mended all their linen ; but  
 ‘ since, I have so much work put upon  
 ‘ me that I have hardly any time to do  
 ‘ for myself: this I would not have  
 ‘ complained of, but for what came for-  
 ‘ ward afterwards. My kind father  
 ‘ gave me an allowance of ten guineas  
 ‘ a year, and used to drop a guinea into  
 ‘ my lap beside, to about four or five in  
 ‘ a year, which I looked upon as a reward  
 ‘ for my work, though it was no more  
 ‘ than my duty, and I did it cheerfully.



‘ I saved more than half my money,  
‘ and laid it by in a box I bought on  
‘ purpose ; and nobody knew of it till  
‘ one day there came a petition from a  
‘ poor family that had met with misfor-  
‘ tunes, and were in great distress. Mr.  
‘ R. Bartlett gave them half-a-crown,  
‘ and my sister the same ; and I was  
‘ ashamed for them both.

‘ I said I would step up stairs and  
‘ bring my mite ; I took out a guinea,  
‘ and gave it to the man myself. Mr.  
‘ Bartlett stood by to see what I gave.  
‘ He called out aloud, “ A guinea, Miss  
“ Patty ! You are very generous.—I  
“ dare say you are as rich as a Jew ;  
“ and then you live at no expence of  
“ any kind ; that falls upon me all toge-  
“ ther.” I answered, that I should be  
‘ ashamed to shut my hand or my  
‘ heart upon such an occasion, for that  
‘ I thought

‘ I thought it a duty. He went in  
‘ muttering, and looked displeased ; per-  
‘ haps he might think it a reproach to  
‘ his own niggardliness.

‘ From this time he often upbraided  
‘ me with my generosity, and with my  
‘ supposed riches. I laughed it off,  
‘ being unwilling to resent any thing  
‘ from my sister’s husband. One day  
‘ he asked me what my guardian al-  
‘ lowed me. I answered him, “ Fif-  
“ teen pounds a-year.”—“ And how  
“ much of it do you spend ?”—“ Sir, I  
“ beg to be excused answering that  
“ question.—Mr. Ashford would have  
“ allowed me more, but I said that was  
“ enough ; I shall give no account to  
“ any body but him.”

‘ He went away in ill-humour, and  
‘ would not speak to me all the rest  
‘ of the day. He always took the op-  
‘ portunity

‘ portunity of my sister’s absence to say  
‘ these impertinent things to me : she is  
‘ a good-natured woman, but so devoted  
‘ to him that she thinks he can neither  
‘ say nor do any thing wrong.

‘ I kept up an appearance of cold-  
‘ ness, and even resentment, when I  
‘ could do it without my sister’s seeing  
‘ it ; but one day at dinner she caught  
‘ my eye throwing a glance at him  
‘ which did not please her ; and after  
‘ the servants were gone she asked me  
‘ the reason.—“ Ask your husband,” I  
‘ said. He artfully turned the subject  
‘ in his own favour. “ My dear, your  
“ sister is displeased with me for taking  
“ the liberty of asking a question ; I  
“ was rather vexed with her for her  
“ answers.—We have been rather cool  
“ for several days, but you must make  
“ us friends.”

“ I was

“ I was never otherwise than your friend, sir,” said I, “ and nothing shall ever make me your enemy.”

‘ My sister took a hand of each of us and joined them, saying, “ I will inquire into the cause of your coolness another time, only tell me that you are friends.”

‘ He came round, took my hand, and saluted me, with a fawning smile upon his countenance; said he loved me both as a sister, and as a worthy good girl beside. My sister was satisfied, and he paid me more attention than before.—He did not however give up his design, which he had long premeditated; but one day, as I was sitting at work in the summer-house, he came in and sat down by me.—He praised my turn for work, and for being always employed.—He said he was glad of a few minutes relaxation

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“ from his laborious employment, which  
“ afforded small profits in return.

“ I am a young man,” said he ; “ I  
“ have two children born, and am  
“ likely to have more.—It behoves me  
“ to lay by something for them, and to  
“ provide for them when I shall be no  
“ more.”—“ Very true, sir,” said I ;  
“ if you follow my father’s example  
“ you cannot do amiss ; he thought his  
“ labours well rewarded.” He looked  
“ confounded, but soon recovered, and  
“ resumed his purpose. “ Sister Patty,  
“ you are a good-natured and generous  
“ girl ; I know it, and have seen proofs  
“ of it.—Can you be less generous to  
“ your nearest relations than to  
“ strangers ?”—“ I think not, sir.”—  
“ You have a pretty fortune ; you are  
“ saving during your minority, and  
“ there are three years to come.”—  
“ What then, sir ?”—“ Why then, all  
6 “ these

“ these things considered, I think that  
“ you ought——” —I looked hard at  
“ him, and broke his sentence short.—  
“ Ought what, sir? pray speak out.” —  
“ Why I think that you ought to pay  
“ me for your board.” —I stared; and  
“ he looked down, conscious, but not  
“ ashamed.—After a pause, I said, “ I  
“ thought I had earned my board by  
“ my work; but if you think otherwise  
“ I will consult my brother about it.” —  
“ There is no occasion for that,” he  
“ said.—I told him I would do nothing  
“ without his and Mr. Ashford’s know-  
“ ledge. He desired I would con-  
“ sider of it. I told him I would, and  
“ as soon as I had resolved I would  
“ let him know. He left me when  
“ I had said this; and I felt a most  
“ perfect contempt for his avarice and  
“ meanness.—I went up stairs directly,  
“ and began writing a letter to my bro-  
“ ther,

‘ ther, giving him a particular account  
‘ of all that had passed. I sat up half  
‘ the night to finish it. I had no dispo-  
‘ sition to sleep ; and when I had con-  
‘ cluded I found my mind much re-  
‘ lieved, and I laid down and slept three  
‘ hours.

‘ When I read over my letter again  
‘ I found it much too long, and reduced  
‘ it to one sheet ; but I kept the first  
‘ copy, which now lies before me, and  
‘ enables me to tell you the particulars  
‘ so exactly.

‘ I sent my letter to be put into the  
‘ post as usual, and I desired it might be  
‘ answered within a week. Ten days  
‘ passed, and no answer came. I wrote  
‘ a second, and waited more impatiently  
‘ a fortnight. I then wrote a third, and  
‘ waited a month, and still no answer.

‘ I thought there was an air of mys-  
‘ tery and reserve about Mr. Bartlett.—

‘ All

\* All at once I recollected that my bro-  
\* ther said something of letters that were  
\* intercepted, and that Mr. Bartlett  
\* seemed confused at the hint. Surely,  
\* thought I, my letters are intercepted !  
\* I then determined to write to you,  
\* sir ; but how should I send it ? I saw  
\* the butcher's boy come with meat on  
\* horseback ; I watched his return, and  
\* gave it him, charging him to put it  
\* into the post, which he promised.  
\* And now, sir, I ask your pardon for  
\* giving you the trouble of reading so  
\* much scribble to so little purpose.

\* I beg that you will give me your  
\* advice and directions how to act, and  
\* that you will have the goodness to ac-  
\* quaint my brother with as much of this  
\* affair as you think it proper he should  
\* know ; and let me hear from him or  
\* you



“ you as soon as may be convenient.  
“ With all possible respect and duty, I  
“ am, dear sir, your most obedient  
“ servant;

“ M. BARTLETT.”

Martha was under much care and anxiety for the fate of this letter, and thought the time long till she was assured that her guardian had received it.

Eight or ten days after the letter was sent, Mr. John Eastwick came to the house, and desired to speak with Miss Patty. Mr. Bartlett cross-examined him, as if he had been before a court of judicature: “ What is your business  
“ with Miss Patty ? ” — “ Sir, I am used  
“ to visit at this house without these  
“ interrogations. It is true that I have  
“ not the same pleasure as formerly ; but  
“ I expect

" I expect to be admitted to any of  
" Mr. Bartlett's children, for my father  
" was his acknowledged friend."

Robert shrunk back, and bade the servant call Miss Patty. Eastwick complained to her of his reception, and spoke louder than usual that he might be heard. He laughed with Patty at Robert's expence some minutes. He then gave her a note, saying, " Here is  
" my passport, and the warrant for  
" your deliverance ; I was ordered to  
" give it into your own hand." She opened it, and read it aloud. ' Dear  
' Patty, I hope to see you in a few days,  
' make yourself easy the mean time, and  
' get ready to accompany me home ;  
' we will there confer upon your affairs,  
' and do every thing that is likely to  
' promote your happiness, which is  
' equally the duty and inclination of  
' your guardian and friend,

' A. ASHFORD.'

Mr.

Mr. Eastwick begged that Patty would not leave him so soon as she had read her letter ; but let him stay and chat with her, if it were only to mortify Robert Bartlett.—“ I have a letter “ from Mr. Ashford,” said he ; “ I “ know something is wrong among “ you : he comes to my house in pre- “ ference to this, and he comes to fetch “ you away.—I am no stranger to Mr. “ Bartlett, nor to his talent for inter- “ cepting letters.—I owe him a grudge “ upon an old score, and I rejoice in “ every thing that mortifies him down “ to the place where he ought to be ; “ let me enjoy this little triumph, it will “ not be a real injury to him.”

They gossiped together a few minutes, till the servant came in to lay the cloth for dinner. Mr. Eastwick then said, “ this tells me it is time for me “ to be gone ; but allow me to say, if “ this

“ this house becomes irksome to you,  
“ mine is at your service at all times,  
“ and I hope you will not scruple to  
“ accept it.”—“ I thank you sincerely,  
“ sir, and I wish you a good day.”

A few days after Mr. Ashford came according to promise, and Mr. Eastwick accompanied him. The family were sitting at breakfast: Mr. Robert Bartlett was surprised and embarrassed; he rose up and did the honours of the house in an awkward and confused manner. “ Sit still,” said Mr. Ashford, “ I am not come to disturb  
“ you.—How do you do, Sally?—How  
“ do you, Patty?—no ceremony among  
“ friends. Patty, my dear, have you  
“ had any answer to your letters to your  
“ brother?”—“ No, sir,” said Patty, “ I  
“ think they must have miscarried.”  
(Robert Bartlett coloured a deep  
purple.)

purple.) "Aye, child, there are many  
" causes why a letter may miscarry."  
Mr. Eastwick laughed, but Mr. Ash-  
ford looked very serious. "Some-  
" times letters may be intercepted,  
" don't you think so, Eastwick?"—  
"Yes, sir," said he, "I know they  
" may, for such things have happened  
" to myself."—"I do not understand  
" you, gentlemen," said Robert; "but  
" perhaps you may not desire that I  
" should."—"That is just as you  
" please, sir," said Mr. Ashford; "but  
" I think if letters to and from this  
" house had never been intercepted,  
" some folks would never have sat in  
" the place where they now do as  
" master of this house." Robert was  
again knocked down; but he fought off  
very dexterously.—"You confound me,  
" gentlemen; I know not what you  
" mean, unless to affront me; if so, I  
" have



“ have still so much respect for my father’s executor, that I leave the room to you.”—“ Stay one moment longer, fir, and hear my business here : I am come hither to invite Miss Patty to go home with me ; she is, I believe, prepared for the journey. She will return with us to Mr. Eastwick’s, and my servant is now coming to fetch her boxes and trunks away. We only wait his arrival, and then we depart.—Miss Patty will take leave of her sister in the mean time ; and so, fir, I bid you farewell.”

Robert could not stand it any longer ; he turned his face away, and went out of the room.

“ My dear fir,” said Sarah, “ what is the meaning of all this ? what has my husband done to be treated with such contempt ?”—“ My dear Sally, I wish I could prevent your knowing  
“ any

“ any thing that must give you pain. I  
“ will only tell you briefly, that Mr.  
“ Robert Bartlett has told your sister  
“ that she ought to pay him for her  
“ board. Patty thought it her duty  
“ to consult me and her brother on the  
“ subject; in which she judged rightly.  
“ I came over upon this account, and  
“ also to invite Patty to pay me a visit;  
“ for I think she is too much confined  
“ to her needle here, and a little air and  
“ exercise will be good for her health.”

“ Ah, sir, but you are displeased with  
“ my husband! and what did you mean  
“ by saying that letters were inter-  
“ cepted?”—“ Dear Sally, suppress  
“ your curiosity!—Ask your husband,  
“ and I dare say he will convince you  
“ that he has done nothing but what is  
“ perfectly right, and that I have in-  
“ jured him in supposing that he could  
“ act otherwise on any occasion.”

“ But

“ But could he be guilty of such  
“ meanness ?—Answer me, dear sir, or  
“ you will make me very unhappy.”—  
“ It will not make you happy to know  
“ the whole. The short is, that Patty  
“ has written three letters to her brother,  
“ and has reason to think he never  
“ received them.”—“ Surely Mr.  
“ Bartlett could not have intercepted  
“ them.”—“ Dear Sally, inquire no  
“ further. Ask your husband, and he  
“ will satisfy you : you ought to believe  
“ him, for he is your husband and protector.  
“ As long as he uses you well,  
“ I can forgive every thing ; if ever he  
“ should treat you unworthily, complain  
“ only to me, and I will be your friend  
“ upon all occasions. It is true that he  
“ has lost my esteem, but I will never  
“ be his enemy. Do not reproach  
“ him, Sally, but seem to believe all he  
“ says,

“ says, and to put entire confidence in  
“ him.”

Mrs. Bartlett wept.—“ Must I lose  
“ my dear Patty? — Alas! I have  
“ seen too plainly that there was  
“ something wrong between her and  
“ Robert; but I little thought she  
“ would leave this house entirely.”—  
“ Do not think so now,” said Patty;  
“ I shall visit you if your husband per-  
“ mits me; but I shall no longer be  
“ his sempstress. I shall consult my  
“ brother and Mr. Ashford in every  
“ step I take; but I shall not settle  
“ any where at present.”

While they were talking, the servant entered to tell them that the cart was come to fetch Miss Patty's goods.

The sisters embraced and took leave of each other. Patty then went to see her things put into the cart, and Mr.  
Eastwick

Eastwick attended her and assisted the servants.

Mr. Ashford soon followed them. "No more partings," said he; "they only weaken the mind. Let us go." He took Patty's hand, and away they went. They saw Robert Bartlett looking after them, and walking to and fro in the ground behind the house. They went to Mr. Eastwick's, where Patty was most cordially received and entertained; his sister, who lived with him, rejoiced in her company; Patty kindly reproached her for neglecting her, and keeping away from the house. —Nancy Eastwick excused herself as being with her brother, who disliked Mr. Robert Bartlett, and had dropped his acquaintance. "Let the old friendship be renewed," said Mr. Eastwick; "I believe we are all agreed in our sentiments of Robert Bartlett; and



“ and may nothing happen to interrupt  
“ our harmony ! I hope Mr. Ashford  
“ will consent to stay here a few days,  
“ and that he will permit us to visit  
“ him in turn.”

“ That I shall with pleasure, but I  
“ must not tarry here now ; yet I will one  
“ night more to oblige you, John, and  
“ on the third day Patty and I shall  
“ depart.” During this interval, East-  
wick with some hesitation asked Mr.  
Ashford’s permission to offer his hand  
and heart to Patty Bartlett. Mr. Ash-  
ford said, “ I must take some time for  
“ consideration. Patty is very young.”

“ And is not youth the season for  
“ love and marriage, sir ?”

“ Yes, it is, but with some limita-  
“ tion, Johnny.—Patty is not eighteen  
“ till next month ; and I think one-and-  
“ twenty is early enough for any wo-  
“ man to marry. I could give many  
“ reasons ;

“ reasons, respecting health, conveni-  
“ ence, and prudence ; but I will only  
“ mention further, that it is too soon to  
“ be engaged in the cares and troubles  
“ of life, which make a woman old  
“ before her time, especially if she be  
“ of a tender and delicate constitu-  
“ tion.”

“ But, sir, I am turned of seven-and-  
“ twenty, and I think it is high time  
“ that I should marry.”

“ Time enough, Johnny ; do not be  
“ in a hurry.”

“ Perhaps, sir, you mean to discour-  
“ age my addresses to Miss Patty ; if  
“ so, I submit to your pleasure ; yet I  
“ should wish to know your reasons for  
“ it.”

“ No such thing, sir ; you young men  
“ are apt to run away from your own  
“ subject before you understand it.”

“ I shall be glad to understand you  
“ better, sir.”

“ Mr. Eastwick, I think very well  
“ of you, and that your offer is worthy  
“ of our consideration.—You are the  
“ first man that has offered to Patty,  
“ and you have a right to make pre-  
“ tensions to her.—I am a plain man,  
“ sir, and I am your friend.—Your  
“ offer was unexpected, and I had in  
“ my mind’s eye a husband for Patty  
“ when she should be of a proper age;  
“ but you are, as we say, the first oars,  
“ and you shall have a fair chance.—I  
“ will permit you to speak to the girl  
“ on the subject, but not just now.—  
“ When you pay me a visit some time  
“ hence we will speak further ; and if  
“ Patty likes you, I will not oppose the  
“ marriage.”

“ I thank

“ I thank you with all my heart, sir ;  
“ I never doubted your justice, nor yet  
“ your kindness to me.”—“ It shall be  
“ my study and my pride to deserve it.”

“ I think you a man worthy to stand  
“ in your father’s place ; and as such  
“ you are entitled to my friendship.”

“ Very well.—Let things rest as  
“ they are at present, and be prudent  
“ and silent with Patty Bartlett.”

Here ended the conference. They spent a few days very agreeably at Mr. Eastwick’s, and then Mr. Ashford carried his ward home. He wrote me an account of all that had passed, and said that Patty was a most pleasing addition to his family. That dear girl made herself both agreeable and useful to him : he checked her endeavours for his service, saying, “ I did not  
“ take you from being Robert Bartlett’s sempstress to make you mine.”

There was a generous contention of duty and affection between them, which bound them to each other, and increased daily. Mr. Ashford told me of Mr. Eastwick's offer to my sister, and that he had intended to propose George Ashford to her in due time. "I am now," said he, "afraid that George should like her too well for his own peace; but I will warn him that another man has offered before him, and look out for another wife for him; for it is my duty to make all my children happy."

Such was the constant study and employment of this excellent man; and in promoting the happiness of others he found his own: such a mind is its own reward; and the ardent affection and gratitude of those it loves and favours creates a pleasure that is god-like and sublime, above the conception of common minds.

The



The winter passed away as usual. As soon as the spring sowing time was past, Mr. Eastwick carried his sister to pay the promised visit to Mr. Ashford, who invited me to meet them. I went thither and stayed a fortnight; during which time Mr. Eastwick was permitted to pay his addresses to my sister, who made no objection but that of her youth, and wished to delay the marriage till she should be of age. Eastwick was unwilling to wait so long; but the matter was left in suspense.

Mr. Ashford told him his original scheme in favour of George Ashford. Eastwick used this as an argument to hasten the marriage. I insisted upon his waiting another year, as a probation on both sides: to this he very reluctantly consented.—He then proposed a marriage between George Ashford and his

sister Anna, which he hoped would induce Mr. Ashford to part with Miss Patty the more readily. Mr. Ashford laughed. "Why, John, you are quite  
" a marriage broker; I will however  
" sound George upon the subject, and  
" you shall hear the result in due time.  
" Pray have you not a wife in your  
" pocket for William, too?"—"I must  
" say no more before I am asked, sir,"  
said he.—"I am going on an excursion  
" to the continent with a gentleman to  
" whom I am a kind of governor, and  
" I shall not think on marriage for some  
" years to come."—"I must say, how-  
" ever, sir, that I had no design upon  
" you," said Eastwick.—"I am satisfied  
" you had none but of kindness,  
" sir, and I look on you as my friend  
" by inheritance, and as my brother by  
" choice and election."

"I thank

“ I thank you, sir, and wish to deserve  
“ your friendship ; you may command  
“ my best services at all times.”

“ Then I give you my commission,”  
said Mr. Ashford, “ to keep an eye  
“ upon Robert Bartlett; and if he  
“ makes any depredations upon Wil-  
“ liam’s estate, to give us notice of it ;  
“ I suspect that he will always be en-  
“ croaching upon him one way or  
“ other.”

“ Sir, it is reported that he is going  
“ to cut down some trees, in order to  
“ repair the outhouses ; I will inquire  
“ into particulars, and give you timely  
“ notice.”

“ If he dares to do so, I insist that  
“ you shall give him warning to quit  
“ your premises, William.”

“ Let us wait awhile, sir, and hear  
“ further,” said I.—“ Well, let it be  
“ so ; but when I know a man to be a

“ rascal, I expect him to act in character.”

“ Sir, I shall be sorry to hurt or to expose him ; and I beg you, sir, to be favourable to him.”

“ You have favoured him too much already ; I will do justice to him in future, and I will be just to you also, and not suffer him to injure you, sir.”

“ You may depend that I will observe all his motions, and give you an account of them faithful

A few days after we separated ; Eastwick and his sister went to their home, and I returned to college.

In a fortnight after our separation, John Eastwick wrote to Mr. Ashford that he had gone over my estate with an eminent carpenter and builder ; that Mr. Bartlett had marked six of the best trees, and had ordered them to be taken down soon ;

soon ; and he thought that Mr. Ashford should prohibit it rather than himself. In consequence of this information Mr. Ashford wrote,

*To the Rev. R. BARTLETT.*

‘ Sir,

‘ I am informed by those whom I  
 ‘ employed to inquire what you were  
 ‘ doing on Mr. Bartlett’s estate, that  
 ‘ you have marked six of the best trees,  
 ‘ and ordered them to be cut down ;  
 ‘ I do hereby forbid you at your peril  
 ‘ to do it. As to the necessary repairs,  
 ‘ they shall be done by Mr. Bartlett’s  
 ‘ order. I do likewise give you no-  
 ‘ tice to quit his premises at Christmas  
 ‘ next. I am ordered by Mr. Bartlett  
 ‘ to give you this warning ; and I add  
 ‘ my advice to give as little trouble as  
 ‘ possible, otherwise you will oblige us  
 ‘ to act as the law directs.



‘ That we know you well, is not sufficient ; it is time that you should know us, and the power we have to take cognizance of injuries done or intended.

‘ ARTHUR ASHFORD.’

A letter, in answer, arrived the next week, full of evasions and deceptions ; at the conclusion refusing to take the warning from Mr. Ashford, and appealing to me.

The following week a formal notice from an attorney : “ By order of Mr. William Bartlett, I give you notice,” &c.—A letter from his wife to me as her brother, trying to ward off the blow ;—an answer from me repeating the notice, and insisting that the husband should accept it.

I took upon myself the office of college tutor, and was well approved in it. One of the fellows of my college,  
who

who had shewn great proofs of esteem for me, came into a very good living in S — ; within a year after he wrote me the following letter :

‘ Dear Sir,

‘ Instead of professions of regard  
‘ and friendship, I am going to give  
‘ you a proof of mine, that will convince you I have you often in my  
‘ mind. There is a family near me  
‘ that I will describe to you : a widow  
‘ lady with two sons and two daughters ;  
‘ the youngest son of age, the eldest  
‘ two years older. They have been at  
‘ good schools, but have brought away  
‘ nothing ; the mother’s indulgence has  
‘ ruined them, and they are warnings  
‘ to others instead of examples, which  
‘ they might have been. The mother  
‘ wants them to go to Cambridge, because she thinks it will give them

‘ credit in the eye of the world. I  
‘ have convinced her that her sons  
‘ have wasted their time, and are not  
‘ qualified to receive any benefits from  
‘ college instructions. She now wishes  
‘ to place them under the care of a man  
‘ of character and abilities, and to send  
‘ them to Cambridge under his directions.  
‘ I have recommended you as a person  
‘ well qualified for this trust, and she  
‘ offers you a good salary for this  
‘ service.

‘ The lady has also two daughters.  
‘ The eldest was educated by her fa-  
‘ ther’s sister, and she has declared her  
‘ the heiress of her fortunes. The  
‘ mother never loved her, and grudges  
‘ her the favours of her aunt. The  
‘ youngest she keeps at home; or, as  
‘ Orlando says, “stays her at home  
‘ unkept,” uneducated, uninformed. I  
‘ invite you, sir, to visit me as soon as

‘ you can, and I will introduce you to  
‘ this family ; I wish you to be the  
‘ preceptor in preference to any man ;  
‘ I hope it may answer to you and to  
‘ them. Your friend and servant,

‘ JOHN CASTLETON.’

It was several weeks after receiving this letter, before I could answer the invitation of Mr. Castleton.

He began to think I would not come at all, but was pleased to find I gave credit to his recommendation. He received me as a most welcome guest, and gave me a further account of the family of Wilmot.

The mother and her sons, by their indolence and neglect, had made the house a scene of confusion ; they were cheated by their servants and imposed on by their tradesmen :

So

So every servant took his course,  
And, bad at first, they all grew worse ;  
Slothful disorder fill'd the stable,  
And fluttish plenty deck'd the table.

PRIOR.

They were awakened from the lethargy of indolence by the death of Mrs. Brereton, the aunt of the young people. She left her fortune to Miss Wilmot, and only a legacy of a hundred pounds to each of the other children, which the mother thought an injury to the rest, designing her younger son to be Mrs. Brereton's heir.

Miss Wilmot consulted an eminent lawyer, and employed him to settle her affairs ; and, as soon as she could escape from the house of grief, she came on the wings of duty and affection to visit her mother and family whom she had not seen for two years past. She was surprised to observe the confusion and disorder



order that reigned there ; having received an excellent education from the aunt, and instructions in all points of the œconomy of a family.

She hinted to her mother the behaviour of the servants, which she acknowledged, saying, that nobody was so plagued with servants as she was. Miss Wilmot recommended the person who had been housekeeper to her aunt, the mother refused to accept her.

“ Will you then, madam, accept me  
“ for your housekeeper ?” — “ No,”  
said the mother, “ my servants will not  
“ submit to have more than one mis-  
“ tress, nor should I choose it myself.”  
— “ I have done, madam,” said Miss  
Wilmot. “ It seemed to me that the  
“ servants commanded here ; but, if it  
“ is your pleasure, I shall say no  
“ more.” She opened her mind to  
Mr. Castleton, who spoke his opinion  
freely, and told her what he was doing  
for

for the service of her brothers, and of his engaging me to superintend their studies and employments. She thanked him heartily, and wished for my coming. Mr. Castleton sent a note to young Wilmot, giving notice of my arrival; he received an answer, desiring our company to-morrow at dinner; we went accordingly, and were received with civility and hospitality by all the family; by Miss Wilmot with graciousness and politeness. The young 'squire was a heavy stupid fellow, whose only pleasures were eating, drinking, and sleeping; he resembled his mother, and both of them looked half asleep. The younger brother was a better looking youth, but his countenance was vacant and uninformed.

Miss Wilmot was a genteel and elegant person; there was soul in every glance of her eye, and grace in every attitude

attitude and gesture ; she moved light as a fairy ; her smile was enchanting, her attentions irresistible. The youngest was a fine healthy round-faced girl, with a look of good-nature and hilarity.

After dinner Mr. Castleton brought forward the subject of our present meeting with caution and prudence. He observed, that youth was the season for improvement ; that, unless young men laid in a stock of useful knowledge, they prepared for themselves a miserable old age, without any resources against its infirmities. He next remarked, that employment was necessary to exercise our faculties and keep them ready for use ; that we must create some pursuit to ourselves, or life would stagnate and grow spiritless.

He

He then mentioned a variety of studies and employments by which men might exercise their talents, be of use to others, and avoid the tedium vitæ, which is only another name for idleness: that, as the rector of their parish, he thought himself warranted in giving an admonition of this kind, and also as being the acknowledged friend of the family.

Mrs. Wilmot thanked him for his kindness, and Miss Wilmot was more liberal in her acknowledgments. I joined in the truth of Castleton's observations, and praised his friendly intentions. The eldest Wilmot lounged in his chair in silence; the younger one gave a nod of approbation.

Mr. Castleton then proposed that I should attend the young gentlemen and superintend their studies.

I con-

I conditioned that I should attend my college as far as was necessary to my degrees, and the rest of my time should be devoted to their service: Mr. Castleton offered to attend them in my absence. Mrs. Wilmot and he settled the terms for me, and I was desired to become one of the family.

I went on the morrow and entered upon my office. The young 'squire was extremely averse to undergo an examination into what he had learned at school; if he had gained any thing there, he had lost it again. He could not construe a Latin sentence, nor had he any knowledge of the common rules of grammar; he could not write nor spell his own language; he said it was of no consequence to a man of fortune. I reasoned like a man, like a moralist, like a Christian, it was all to no purpose; indolence and stupidity blunted



blunted the points of all my arrows, and sent them back again. The 'squire ate and drank plentifully, and went to sleep after dinner, which was always served up at one o'clock. He drank strong beer and no small, and wine after it; and was boosy all the remainder of the day.

The younger gentleman had some traits of a better mind, and I thought that if he were taken away from his brother he might be made something of.

I told Mr. Castleton my remarks and opinions. He proposed that we should go on an excursion to the northern part, inquire into the soil and produce of the different counties, remark on the trade, manufactures, and commerce of them, and by these means try to awaken the minds of the young men from the lethargy of indolence and torpor. Miss Wilmot seconded this proposal, saying, that

that while we were thus employed for her brother, she would be endeavouring to improve her sister Fanny at home.

She grew every day more attractive and bewitching, and I more awkward and embarrassed in her company. I had not been used to converse with women, except those of my own family ; I felt no sentiments but those of politeness and esteem for all those who deserved it. I foresaw no danger in conversing with Miss Wilmot ; she was free and gracious in her behaviour to me, and the more so as she became more acquainted with me ; but on my part, the case was far otherwise ; I grew reserved and awkward. Ignorant of the cause, I avoided her company and fancied she was offended with me : I was even pleased at an occasion to leave her. When we set out on our journey she took leave of us all ; she was pleased  
to

to wish me to recover my spirits, and hoped the journey would do us all good.

She actually advanced towards me and held out her hand. I just touched it and retreated; I was all over in a tremble, and thought I should have fainted. When we were out of the room, I felt a pang in my heart that took away my breath. Castleton said, "What is the matter, Bartlett? You look as pale as death."—"I am not well," said I. I staggered along the hall, and recovered when I got into the air; we entered the chaise and set off.

I determined to put away the thoughts that disturbed my repose, and to attend to the charge I had undertaken. I endeavoured to pursue the plan laid down by Mr. Castleton to amuse the minds of my pupils by new and interesting objects,

objects, and I gave them a lesson twice a-day beside, in the morning before breakfast and of an evening after supper. I began to understand the nature of the wound in my heart, and to use employment as the best antidote to it.

Reginald Wilmot was soon tired of learning and of travelling ; he execrated both daily ; but James (the younger) began to like and be amused by it. We had been out near three weeks, when one day dinner was kept waiting, because Mr. Wilmot was not to be found. We examined the servant, who said his master went to a public-house soon after breakfast ; we sent him thither to inquire for him, and he brought word, that he was gone out in a post-chaise they knew not whither. It did not return till evening, when it brought the following note for me :

‘ Sir,

‘ Sir,

‘ I am tired of going about to no  
‘ purpose. I am of age by the laws of  
‘ the land, and may do as I please. I  
‘ will not go to school to you, nor to  
‘ any man longer ; but will return to my  
‘ own house and be my own master as  
‘ long as I live. R. W.’

I thought of writing to Mr. Castle-  
ton at first, but, upon reflection, I  
resolved to wait a few days, hoping  
I might hear from him, as Mr. Wilmot  
was certainly gone to his own house.

Within a week I received the ex-  
pected letter ; Wilmot had told his story  
with truth and plainness, but he had  
quarrelled with his mother and sister for  
sending him to school again. The mother,  
in order to reconcile him to herself, laid  
all the blame on her daughter ; she re-  
proached her with making mischief in  
the



the family and trying to govern them all, and more than hinted her wishes that she would return to her own home. Miss Wilmot was concerned and unhappy ; she was doubtful whether to go or stay ; yet she resolved not to leave the family at present, but to see whether her brother James was likely to receive any improvement, and whether she might hope for a friend and protector in him. "She speaks of you," said Castleton, "in the highest terms, and "thanks you for your services to her "family." In my answer I informed him, that James Wilmot gave signs of improvement, and that I hoped to carry him to college at my return ; that I did not intend to go to Mr. Wilmot's house, but begged of him to hire a lodging for me in his neighbourhood for a short time. In his reply, he told me I should lodge no where if not with him, and

desired that I would let him know a few days before I came.

My proposed excursion was for three months, which being completed, I gave notice of our approaching return. James Wilmot wrote also to his eldest sister; he owned to her that he was convinced of the advantages he had received from his tour, and imputed to me all the improvements he had made, and all he hoped in future. By this time I was fully convinced of the nature of my sentiments and emotions concerning Miss Wilmot; I was determined to conquer them, and hoped to conceal them so well as that she should never suspect me; I prided myself in my contrivances to avoid her, and in lodging at a distance from her, resolved to see her as little as possible in future.

It was agreed between us, that James Wilmot should go directly to the hall, and take his baggage there, and I should

should remain in the chaise till that was done, and then go to Mr. Castleton's; and I resolved not to alight at the hall: I was mortified, however, at not being desired to walk in, and went away piqued at the indifference they shewed me.

When I arrived, Mr. Castleton met me at the outward gate; he embraced and welcomed me. "Leave my servant to empty the chaise," said he, "and walk into the parlour with me; there is a certain enemy of yours, who threatens you bitterly, but I think I shall mediate a peace between you." I did not understand him, but I thought his looks indicated nothing but goodwill to me. What was my surprise when I saw Miss Wilmot sitting at a table with a box of work before her, as if at her ease and at home. She arose and held out her hand to me, I had presence of mind enough to take it; I kissed it, and bowed low to her. "You

“are surprised to see me here,” said she; “Mr. Castleton shall account for it after supper; at present we will only give you a welcome.” We fell into an easy and free conversation, which banished a part of my timidity, and I took my share of it; they inquired after my charge, and rejoiced in his improvements. I said, it was now time to resolve upon his destination, and hoped they thought so. Mr. Castleton said, he was entirely of my opinion. “The professions are all before us, beside the army and navy; Mr. James Wilmot’s fortune is five thousand pounds, as are all the younger children’s likewise; a very handsome beginning in any situation.” I said Mr. James was of years and abilities to choose for himself, and he should be desired to do it. “Between ourselves,” said Castleton, “I believe that Reginald will not live many years, and the  
“estate

“ estate will devolve to James and his  
“ heirs.” — “ Suppose it should be  
“ so,” said I, “ he should not live in a  
“ state of idleness in the mean time, lest  
“ he should fall into his brother’s way  
“ of life ; but, beside, he should not be  
“ encouraged to form such expectations,  
“ which might lead him to wish for his  
“ brother’s death.” — “ You say true,”  
said Miss Wilmot, “ and I agree to it ;  
“ it must be decided by James, and he  
“ must do something for himself while  
“ the stimulus remains. We will propose  
“ it the first time he comes here.” This  
conversation passed while the servant was  
laying the cloth and preparing for sup-  
per, at the intervals of his going and  
coming.

After supper was over, I inquired  
concerning the hints Mr. Castleton had  
given me, and his promise of an expla-  
nation. “ I see you are impatient,” said  
he, “ and I see your motive for it, though  
“ perhaps you do not perceive it. Mrs.



“ Wilmot and her darling son have  
“ turned this lady out of doors, and I  
“ had still so much Quixotism in me as  
“ to offer her a shelter in my house.  
“ I wished myself under thirty for her  
“ sake ; but perhaps she would not then  
“ have accepted my offer.”

“ You will have your jest, sir,” said  
Miss Wilmot, “ but let me account for  
“ my conduct to Mr. Bartlett. I am  
“ a young woman not yet two-and-twenty ; I am in possession of a considerable  
“ fortune ; I have not been without attentions from gentlemen who seemed  
“ to make my fortune their principal  
“ object. I thought my best way  
“ would be to put myself under my  
“ mother’s protection, and I flattered  
“ myself I might be of some service to  
“ her. I knew my brother’s unhappy  
“ turn of mind ; I hoped to strengthen  
“ my mother’s hands, and to make him  
“ hear reason. I have been disappoint-  
“ ed.

“ ed. They have united against me ; I  
“ have been accused of making mis-  
“ chief between them ; to be short, I  
“ have been desired to leave the house,  
“ and, but for this good man, I must  
“ have left the county. My aunt’s  
“ lawyer has designs upon my person  
“ and fortune, therefore I choose to  
“ keep out of his way. I find that  
“ fortune is not always a blessing, and  
“ that a woman wants always a pro-  
“ tector. I have found a friend in Mr.  
“ Castleton, and am proud to acknow-  
“ ledge my obligations to him at all  
“ times.”

“ No more in that style, my dear  
“ lady ; I am proud of the honour you  
“ have done me, by making my house  
“ your asylum, and I hope you will con-  
“ tinue here, till you have determined  
“ on a suitable residence, or till you  
“ have chosen a protector and friend for  
“ life,

“ life, to whom I shall resign my charge  
“ as better entitled to it.”

Miss Wilmot again acknowledged the obligation, saying, “ I wish to stay  
“ in this neighbourhood till I see James  
“ fixed in some good way ; and in the  
“ hope that my mother will return to a  
“ better way of thinking, and reconcile  
“ herself and my brother to me.”

“ It is amiable in you to wish it,” said Castleton ; “ but I do not expect it.  
“ Your mother is guilty of your brother’s faults, for she never checked  
“ him in any thing.” The next day James came to us. His eyes were now opened to see the absurdities of his mother and brother ; he no longer desired to live at home, but declared he would follow me wherever I should beckon him ; I said I must soon return to my college, and asked whether he would accompany me thither.

“ Stop

“ Stop a little,” said Mr. Castleton ;  
“ if James goes with you, you will  
“ prepare him for the office of a cler-  
“ gyman, which I like well enough for  
“ a younger brother ; but I do not love  
“ your squire-parsons. I foresee that  
“ Reginald will shortly have drank up his  
“ beer, and when he shall have stepped  
“ aside the estate will fall to James. I think  
“ it will be best to make him a lawyer ;  
“ it will teach him the way to preserve  
“ the fortune his ancestors have acquir-  
“ ed, and guard him from the impo-  
“ sitions of the pettifoggers of the law.”  
“ You say this, Mr. Castleton ! I  
“ would rather have heard it from any  
“ other man.” — “ Forgive me, dear  
“ lady, and reflect upon what I have  
“ said.”

“ If I were to follow your advice,”  
said James, “ I should lose the benefit  
“ of Mr. Bartlett’s company and in-  
H 5 “ structions,

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“ would rather have heard it from any  
“ other man.” — “ Forgive me, dear  
“ lady, and reflect upon what I have  
“ said.”

“ If I were to follow your advice,”  
said James, “ I should lose the benefit  
“ of Mr. Bartlett’s company and in-

“structions, and then I might relapse  
“into my former indolence and insigni-  
“ficance.”—“Well, then, I advise  
“that you go to college with him,  
“and wait for what the next vacation  
“may produce.”—“Yes, sir, I think  
“that will be best.”—“An university  
“education,” said I, “will give con-  
“sequence to any gentleman; and I  
“confess I should be sorry to lose my  
“pupil, when he is sensible of the ad-  
“vantages he derives from my assist-  
“ance and instructions.”—“Very  
“well, sir; then we are all agreed as to  
“the present time, and the future shall  
“take care of itself.”

James Wilmot breakfasted with us frequently. He came in one morning laughing and rubbing his hands. “I  
“am come to invite you all to dine at  
“the hall next Thursday.”—“How  
“comes that?” said Castleton.—  
“Why,”

“ Why,” said James, “ I believe I am  
“ the cause of it. We talked of you  
“ yesterday at and after dinner ; I said  
“ it was very strange that after inviting  
“ Mr. Bartlett thither, and after his un-  
“ exceptionable conduct towards us all,  
“ they should throw him off entirely,  
“ neglect him wholly, and not give him  
“ an invitation to their house ; that he  
“ was my friend and preceptor, and I  
“ should resent such behaviour to him.”

“ Pray what does your wisdom think  
“ we ought to do ?” said my mother.—  
“ Invite him to dinner, pay him what  
“ is due to him, and thank him for his  
“ good offices.”

“ As your preceptor,” said my brother,  
“ you may bring him to dinner ;  
“ but not as mine any more.”

“ Fine doings !” said my mother ;  
“ chickens teach old hens, and younger  
“ brothers their elders, now-a-days.”

“ I have no objection to giving him  
“ a dinner and a skin-full of wine,” said  
the squire: “ you may ask him when  
“ you please, James.”—“ I thank you,  
“ sir, but I must beg you to extend the  
“ invitation a little further; to my  
“ sister and Mr. Castleton.”

“ Yes, to be sure,” said my mother;  
“ bring them here to criticise and find  
“ fault with every thing, and every  
“ body; they want to send me to  
“ school again.”

“ What signifies that, mother? you  
“ don’t mind them no more than I.  
“ Let them come for once, to oblige  
“ James; you know they won’t be here  
“ always.”

“ Well, then, to oblige you I give  
“ my consent; but I will ask our young  
“ lady governess whether Castleton pays  
“ her wages as his housekeeper, or she  
“ pays

“ pays him for her board ; and whether  
“ they are always to live together.”

“ Not so, madam,” said I.—“ If  
“ they do come, I beg they may be  
“ received with civility and politeness.”

“ Aye, let them come next Thurs-  
“ day ; and, mother, do you get them  
“ a good dinner.”—And now you have  
my story, and I give you the invitation.

“ In good truth, Master James, I do  
“ not like the invitation,” said Mr.  
Castleton ; “ I am doubtful whether to  
“ accept it.”

“ Oh, pray accept it for my sake !—  
“ I am proud of my influence with my  
“ brother, and I mean to make a good  
“ use of it in future : you will wound  
“ my self-consequence if you refuse to  
“ comply with my request.”

Miss Wilmot said, “ Let us go to the  
“ hall, pray, sir.—I long to be upon  
“ terms of friendship at least there.”

“ You



“ You are very good, madam ; but  
“ I think you will meet with nothing  
“ there that will give you pleasure.”

“ I shall satisfy my own mind, sir, and  
“ I shall do honour to James’s good  
“ offices between us.”

After some further conversation we all consented to go to the hall on Thursday, and gave James a commission to answer for us to the squire and his mother.

We went accordingly, and met with a gracious and hospitable reception from the squire, who gave us a very good dinner in the old English style ; and we might easily have got drunk if we had chosen it.

After dinner Mrs. Wilmot attacked her daughter in the way she had threatened ; and she replied with the greatest modesty and delicacy, avoiding the contest, and yet repelling the attack. If I  
had

had not loved Miss Wilmot before, I must have loved her then. At length Mr. Castleton could bear it no longer; he answered her malignant insinuations with firmness and resolution. He told her she had driven away from her a most amiable and accomplished daughter, who had claimed the protection of a parent, and been denied it. — He thought himself fortunate in being able to give her an asylum; but had she chosen a protector less proper, her mother's behaviour would have excused it; and she ought to be thankful that Miss Wilmot's conduct justified her to every one that was qualified to judge of it.

“Od rat it,” cried the squire, “what  
“ is all this for? I invited you to eat,  
“ drink, and be merry, not to dispute  
“ and quarrel.—Mother, I must needs  
“ say this is your fault; and you do  
“ wrong to rip up old grievances. You  
“ have

“ have vexed Louisa, and made her  
“ cry. You are spiteful because she  
“ has an independent fortune. D—n  
“ it, is there not fortune enough for us  
“ all?—Either be quiet, or leave us.—  
“ I am and will be master of my own  
“ house, and nobody shall dispute it.”

“ I am sure, sir,” said Mrs. Wilmot,  
“ I do not dispute it, and I meant not  
“ to offend you at all.”

“ Why then be friends, and behave  
“ like relations.—George, bring a fresh  
“ bottle, and let us drink friends.”

We were obliged to accept the squire’s terms of agreement, and to drink more wine than was agreeable to us. We drank tea with them, but returned home early. I offered my arm to Miss Wilmot, who accepted it. I began to be more easy with her; hope began to play about my heart, but it was checked by doubts and fears. She  
sighed

sighed deeply and I thought she wept. I returned sighs to hers, and wished I dared wipe away the tears that fell from her speaking eyes. Once I said, "Do not suffer the absurdities of others to oppress your too feeling heart; be comforted, my dear lady!"—"Alas!" said she, "money will not make people happy; it will not purchase esteem or friendship, and many things beside are requisite to happiness."—"Perfect happiness, madam, is not to be expected upon earth; but many degrees of it are to be obtained here: wealth is a blessing or a curse, as it is used or abused. It is in your power to do much good with it.—Friends are blessings, but they are liable to change, and all earthly goods are variable: your friends have treated you unkindly, but it is better to be the  
injured

“injured person than the injurious;  
“and you have a glorious triumph in  
“having it in your power to forgive  
“those who injure you.”

“You say truth, sir,” said she, “and  
“I thank you for reminding me of  
“these things. They are comfortable,  
“and I hope to be the better for  
“them.” When we got home, she resumed her usual cheerfulness. Castleton laid a heavy hand on Mrs. Wilmot; but Louisa begged him to spare her mother, and said she forgave every thing. We supped, and went early to our apartments.

The next morning at breakfast Miss Wilmot was very silent and thoughtful. I was so likewise. Mr. Castleton tried to engage us in conversation; but it would not do. I walked out afterwards for an hour, and when I returned I found Mr. Castleton walking in his garden,



garden, with his arms folded, his head held down, and seeming in deep meditation.—I stood still to observe him, till he raised his head and saw me: he beckoned me to him, and asked where I had been.—I told him walking for air and exercise.—“ You seem lost in thought,” said I.—“ Yes,” said he, “ and so did you at breakfast; I would lay a wager it was on the same subject.”—“ Will you then communicate that subject to me, sir?—If you have any need of my services, command them freely.”—“ Aye, so I thought, you would oblige me to explain before you would speak out.”—“ I, sir?”—“ Yes, you sir.—I am meditating on the uncomfortable situation of my dear charge, Miss Wilmot. She is an excellent young woman, has a superior understanding, noble qualities, and a princely fortune;

“ fortune ; and yet she wants a home,  
“ a friend, and a protector.”—“ You  
“ say true, sir ; and I will not deny  
“ that my thoughts have been employed  
“ on the same subject.”—“ Why  
“ should you deny it?—she deserves  
“ our cares.—She must choose a hus-  
“ band to protect her ; and I have told  
“ her so.”—“ Have you indeed, sir ?”  
I was confused, and he saw it.—  
“ Why,” said he, “ do you know any-  
“ body worthy to be recommended to  
“ her ?”—“ Indeed, sir, I do not know  
“ anybody worthy of her.”—“ Do you  
“ know any man who wishes to deserve  
“ her ?”—I clapped my hands before  
my face, crying, “ Oh, spare me, spare  
“ me, dear sir ;—you now come too  
“ near me !”—“ I will not spare you ;  
“ why are you not more explicit  
“ with me ?—Speak plainly and sin-  
“ cerely.—Do you love Miss Wilmot  
“ well

“ well enough to devote yourself to her  
“ entirely ? Will you make her an ho-  
“ nest and faithful steward—protector  
“ —husband ? — speak out, now or  
“ never.”

“ Sir, I have loved Miss Wilmot  
“ ever since I knew her, and should  
“ have told her so but for my high sense  
“ of my inferiority, and my fear of pre-  
“ suming on her favour. I have suffer-  
“ ed more than you can imagine in or-  
“ der to conceal it, and have sometimes  
“ thought to break away from you,  
“ and to stifle my presumptuous passion  
“ at a distance from you and from the  
“ lady.”

“ Then I am not mistaken ; I have  
“ sometimes thought I saw into your  
“ heart, and at others doubted. But  
“ why did you not open your mind to  
“ your friend ? I would have encou-  
“ raged your hopes, or at once have  
“ put

“ put an end to them ; and so I should  
“ have done, if I had not perceived  
“ that the lady had as great a partiality  
“ for you.”

“ Oh, sir, I hardly dare now to think  
“ myself so happy.”

“ Take courage, man !—let me re-  
“ mind you of your own pretensions.—  
“ You are of an ancient family, which  
“ formerly lived in affluence, though  
“ somewhat fallen from its former  
“ splendor.—You have had a liberal  
“ education, and have been distin-  
“ guished as a good scholar, and a vir-  
“ tuous man, which is better.—You  
“ have a sufficient fortune to procure  
“ you a handsome establishment in  
“ your intended profession.—You have  
“ a right to ask a lady of good fortune,  
“ though in the general way of treaty  
“ by bargain and sale it is unequal to  
“ that of the lady ; but I promise my-

“ self that your good qualities will  
“ make these odds all even.”

I threw myself into his arms, and in broken language expressed my obligations to him.

“ Compose yourself, Bartlett,” said he ; “ I have not finished all I intended  
“ to say.—Miss Wilmot deserves such  
“ a husband as I think you will make  
“ her.—Fortune is not to be despised  
“ when it falls into your lap ; though it  
“ ought not to be the principal inducement to marriage. Miss Wilmot  
“ possesses five thousand pounds by her  
“ father’s will.—Mrs. Brereton made  
“ her her chief heir : she left her ten  
“ thousand pounds in the public funds, an  
“ excellent farm in Norfolk, and  
“ other sums lent out upon good bonds ;  
“ a house in Essex, with several acres  
“ of land about it, and well furnished  
“ with plate, linen, and valuables of various  
“ rious



“ rious kinds. These things ought to  
“ be mentioned at first ; at the same  
“ time I affirm that the lady’s good  
“ qualities are of infinitely more value  
“ than all the rest.”

“ Sir, I am fully convinced of that  
“ truth, and am only in fear that all this  
“ happiness is not for me.”

“ Why, I must say you are as loth to  
“ believe it as any man I ever knew.—  
“ Come along with me, I will conduct  
“ you to the lady, and see whether you  
“ will believe what she tells you.—Do  
“ not tremble, and look silly ; faint  
“ heart never won fair lady. — You  
“ want a supporter, I see.”

He put his arm under mine, and led me into the parlour, where Miss Wilmot was sitting at a work-table. “ Here, madam,” said he, “ I have brought you a lover so modest, that he is afraid to believe his good fortune.—

“ I have

“ I have broken the ice for you, and  
“ now I leave you together.”

“ Stay, sir,” said Miss Wilmot; “ I  
“ wish for your company.”

“ Not I, indeed; when I am gone  
“ you must speak for yourselves, but  
“ while I am here you will say no-  
“ thing.”

He then left the room; and I was so much confused that I trembled and kept silent for several minutes. At length I spoke, and throwing myself at her feet, I told her I was just what she would please to make me; that she was the first woman I ever sighed for, and that I was only and entirely at her service.

She pitied my confusion and relieved it. “ My situation, sir, is so critical that  
“ you must allow for me, and at any  
“ other time I could not have spoken  
“ so freely.”

After the first declaration, we fell into a more easy and free conversation; and when Castleton returned, he found me able to reply to his questions. He sat down with us, and Miss Wilmot desired him to explain to me all that it concerned me to know. He said, "I have  
" done that already, except what relates  
" to the lawyer, and that I shall now  
" speak of. You are to know, sir, that  
" Mrs. Brereton had a certain lawyer  
" whom she consulted upon all occasions,  
" and finally made him one of the ex-  
" ecutors of her will; the other is a  
" land-surveyor, and her steward also;  
" and she joined Miss Wilmot with  
" them, in case she should be of age at  
" the time of her decease. Mr. Wil-  
" more, the steward, has behaved like  
" an honest man, and given in his ac-  
" counts very fairly, as we believe; but  
" he has always suggested a jealousy of  
" Mr. Markland the lawyer, as if he  
" had

“ had some concealed design on Miss  
“ Wilmot’s property. Markland, on  
“ his side, has always boasted of his  
“ honour and integrity, and warned us  
“ not to put too much confidence in  
“ Wilmore. Now this man, as far as we  
“ can judge, has no other view than  
“ to be confirmed in the stewardship ;  
“ but we know certainly, that Mark-  
“ land aims at the lady here present,  
“ and, through her, at the whole fortune.  
“ He gave several hints to Miss Wil-  
“ mot before she left the house that  
“ she inherits, which she put aside and  
“ discouraged ; but from the time she  
“ came away, Markland has pestered  
“ her with letters upon the odious sub-  
“ ject of his love, not one of which she  
“ has yet answered. Hearing that she  
“ had left her brother’s house, and that  
“ she did me the honour to reside with  
“ me, he has had the insolence to write  
“ to her here, in a style beyond any  
“ thing

“ thing that ever was heard of ; you  
“ shall hear his letter and judge, after-  
“ wards you shall give us your advice  
“ how to deal with him.” Miss Wilmot  
drew the letter from her pocket and gave  
it to Mr. Castleton, who read it to me.

‘ Madam,

‘ Though you have not answered any  
‘ of my letters, I am not ignorant that a  
‘ lady’s silence always admits of a favour-  
‘ able interpretation. I shall therefore  
‘ presume upon your favour, which  
‘ you have not forbidden me to aspire  
‘ to, and visit you shortly, in hopes of  
‘ a full and perfect explanation between  
‘ us. I hear that you have had a breach  
‘ with your mother and brothers, and  
‘ that you reside with Mr. Castleton, the  
‘ rector of the parish. I dare say you  
‘ can give good reasons for your con-  
‘ duct. As I do not think myself un-  
‘ worthy of your confidence, I shall ex-  
‘ pect



‘pect it, and will offer you my best  
‘advice and assistance upon this and all  
‘other occasions. I have been obliged  
‘to attend to the duties of my pro-  
‘fession, but hope in a week or two  
‘to be at liberty to wait upon you, and  
‘to assure you in person of my unfeign-  
‘ed respect and regard as your devoted  
‘lover and servant,

‘D. MARKLAND.’

After reading this letter, they asked my advice and opinion upon it; Mr. Castleton thought Miss Wilmot ought to answer it; she objected, and gave her reasons. “If this man draws such  
“inferences from my silence, he will  
“put a different sense upon my words;  
“and perhaps he may, from my pro-  
“hibition, extract a promise of mar-  
“riage; I will not trust myself  
“with him.” They both referred to me. I thought Miss Wilmot’s reasons

were good, and I said so. Castleton said, "I see you are both resolved to  
" throw this task upon me; however,  
" I have entered myself into your service, and I will not shrink from it.  
" I hope by this time you know your  
" own minds, and that you will bring  
" your affairs to a conclusion as soon  
" as possible; I really think it will be  
" the best for all parties. You must  
" tell your brother James the footing  
" you are upon, and he must be present at your nuptials. I believe he  
" will be one of your family, and each  
" of you will gain a brother and a  
" friend, which will be a blessing to  
" both." So saying, he left us and went to write his letter, leaving us to converse together. Being freed from the restraint we had lain under hitherto, our conversation was free, easy, and delightful; and we thought the time short till Castleton returned with the  
copy

copy of his letter, which he read to us as follows :

‘ Sir,

‘ By Miss Wilmot’s desire, I write in  
 ‘ answer to your letter of last week.  
 ‘ She says, as you are so ingenious in  
 ‘ drawing inferences from her silence,  
 ‘ she fears you might put a sense upon  
 ‘ her words totally different to what  
 ‘ she intended they should convey ;  
 ‘ she therefore thinks it better to em-  
 ‘ ploy the pen of another person. Miss  
 ‘ Wilmot says, that she perfectly un-  
 ‘ derstood all your hints which you  
 ‘ threw out in person and by letter, and  
 ‘ she discouraged them in a way that  
 ‘ she thought you would have under-  
 ‘ stood ; intending to have given you  
 ‘ the means of preserving her friendship,  
 ‘ if you would have given up your pre-  
 ‘ tensions to any farther claim upon  
 ‘ her. Your perseverance obliges her

‘ to speak plainer than she intended,  
‘ and to assure you that it will be to  
‘ no purpose. You will not be surpris’d  
‘ that a young lady of Miss Wilmot’s  
‘ fine person, handsome fortune, and  
‘ excellent qualities, should have many  
‘ admirers and proposals of marriage;  
‘ but as she can marry but one, she  
‘ scorns to give encouragement to  
‘ more.—This happy man is found,  
‘ and she favours his addresses; who or  
‘ what he is, can be of no consequence  
‘ to any but themselves; only she thinks  
‘ it may convince you that you can  
‘ have no farther expectations from her.  
‘ She therefore prohibits your letters  
‘ and visits absolutely and positively.  
‘ I have only executed my commission,  
‘ using the lady’s own words as nearly as  
‘ possible.

‘ I am, sir,

‘ Your humble servant,

‘ J. CASTLETON.’

This

This letter was highly approved by us both; Mr. Castleton transcribed it, and Miss Wilmot added a postscript.

‘ I confirm all that Mr. Castleton  
‘ has said, and will receive no more  
‘ letters from Mr. Markland, except  
‘ they relate to the executorship, and  
‘ wish them from another hand.

‘ L. W.’

Mr. Castleton gave me the copy he first wrote, which I here transcribe. This letter was sent immediately to the next post, and we enjoyed a delightful week after this full explanation. James Wilmot came to us every day, and rejoiced in our happy prospects. I related to them my family history, and painted the characters of the principal persons of it. I told them my obligations to our dear Mr. Ashford, and that gratitude required that I should visit him and acquaint him with all that had happened since I saw him. I also



had to put my own house into a situation fit to receive a mistress. Louisa mentioned her house in Essex, and offered it to my acceptance. I begged her to allow my partiality for my native village, and for the house of my father ; I desired her to see it, and give her opinion of it ; and if she could not approve it, I would, though reluctantly, leave it and reside where she thought proper. She said she would reside where it was most agreeable to me, but hoped the house was convenient and comfortable. I assured her it was both ; and whatever she thought necessary and proper should be done to make it more so. I said, “ My  
“ dear parents lived and died there ;  
“ they were beloved and respected by  
“ every soul in the village, and, I presume to say, so are their children ;  
“ and they are all dear to me. My  
“ youngest sister is contracted to a  
12 “ gentleman

“gentleman farmer, one of the princi-  
“pal men in the parish, and they reckon  
“upon me as one of their best neigh-  
“bours. Every field round the house,  
“and every tree in it, are my friend’s  
“and neighbour’s. In every scheme  
“of happiness I have formed, these  
“circumstances have been included.  
“I am desirous to believe that my  
“dearest Louisa will comply with my  
“ardent wishes to tread in my father’s  
“steps all the days of my life.”

My dear mistress was affected by my warm expressions of regard for my paternal dwelling, and promised that she would endeavour to like it as well as I did. Mr. Castleton asked when I intended to set out on my journey. I answered, “Next Monday morning;  
“for the sooner I go, the sooner I shall  
“return; and you have encouraged  
“me to hope for the completion of  
“my happiness soon after.” Louisa,  
16 sweetly

sweetly blushing, bowed assent to my proposal; Castleton declared his, and bade me hasten my going, that I might more early return.

James Wilmot came in soon after, and I declared to him our plan of operations. "Pray, governor," said he, "have you left me out of your plan? What is to become of me all the while? I am tired of living at the hall; my mother is jealous of my influence with Reginald, and wishes me away. I would rather go while I am upon good terms with him, and before I am desired to take my leave of them; say, whither I am to go."

"I was thinking of you, fir, and I offer to go with you to Cambridge, and to enter you there, if you continue in the same mind on that head."

"That I do not, fir; I have changed my opinion on that subject. I am desirous

“ desirous of another excursion like  
“ the last ; and I should like to see other  
“ countries as well as my own in your  
“ company, sir ; however, I am deter-  
“ mined, at all events, not to be a  
“ clergyman.” — “ You are not igno-  
“ rant, my dear sir, that I have  
“ dedicated myself to this lady’s service,  
“ and that my future residence and  
“ employment will depend entirely on  
“ her will and pleasure ; yet I hope to  
“ continue your friend and adviser,  
“ though not your governor.” —  
“ Yes, you must ; and she, I suppose,  
“ must be my governess. If you will  
“ not take me under your direction,  
“ I shall either run wild, or else drink  
“ strong beer with Reginald, and doze  
“ away my life and my senses at the  
“ hall.”

“ What do you say in reply to this,  
“ sir ?” said Louisa to me. “ You  
“ must answer for me and yourself.

“ I say,

“ I say, that if it is agreeable to you,  
“ my betrothed, your brother shall  
“ find his home wherever we reside.”

James Wilmot arose and embraced me. “ My governor, my brother,  
“ my friend,” said he, “ I put myself  
“ under your direction, and I will obey  
“ you as if you were my father.” —  
“ I thank you, sir,” said Louisa, “ I  
“ am not disappointed in my expectations of you.” — “ Thus encouraged  
“ by your approbation, my fairest, I  
“ ask Mr. James to give me his company in my present excursion, and  
“ to be witness to every part of my  
“ conduct towards you.” — “ That I  
“ will,” said James; “ I will tell the  
“ folks at the hall that I am going  
“ another excursion with you; it will  
“ give me an excuse for my departure,  
“ and for the preparations I shall make  
“ for it.”

“ I re-



“ I rejoice,” said Mr. Castleton, “ that you are all of one mind, and I “ trust you will always continue so.” We spent our evening in the delightful intercourse of love and friendship, and James returned to the hall to make preparations for his departure.

Mr. Castleton and I thought it right to call on the squire and take leave of him. He behaved with civility to us, but said James was a silly boy to go on a wild-goose chase, when he might enjoy all the comforts of life at home. The old lady was very willing to part with him, for he began to be restive and uncomplying to her government. On the Monday morning following, James and I set out on our journey, after taking a tender leave of my Louisa, who shewed unfeigned concern for our departure, and wishes for our safe return.

During

During the journey, I had an opportunity of conversing with James on many subjects, and of convincing myself of his resolution against being a candidate for holy orders. I inquired what profession he would choose, and he mentioned the law, as leading both to honour and profit. I wished him to consider well before he determined, and when he had taken his resolution to adhere firmly to it.

I went first to my dear native village, and directly to Mr. Eastwick's house; he and his sister received me joyfully, and my companion for my sake. They asked me many questions that could not be answered in a few words. "Come in," said he, "and take some refreshment, and then we will ask questions and give answers as long as we please."

I answered John's interrogatives, and then began mine. "Will Robert Bartlett

“ lett quit my house at Christmas, or  
“ will he wait for an ejection?”—  
“ He is disposed to give you that trou-  
“ ble, but something has happened late-  
“ ly that will make it easy to both.”—  
“ He shall quit the premises, or else I  
“ will enter them first; I shall come  
“ myself here next Christmas.”—  
“ Is it possible? I rejoyce to hear it, for  
“ then you will permit me to be your  
“ neighbour and your brother.”—“ I  
“ hope to bring a wife with me; this  
“ young gentleman is her brother,  
“ and will be mine very soon.”

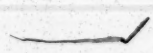
“ Then he must be mine also.—But  
“ suffer me to tell you my story of  
“ Robert Bartlett’s good fortune :—He  
“ saw an advertisement in a county  
“ newspaper of a school to be disposed  
“ of, and the immediate resignation of  
“ the master if required. He mounted  
“ his pad-nag the next day, rode over  
“ to the town and inquired into parti-  
“ culars.

“ culars. He found there was a small  
“ endowment and a good dwelling-  
“ house ; he was referred to the trustees  
“ for an examination, and he waited on  
“ them directly. They inquired into  
“ his birth, education, and qualifica-  
“ tions. He told them he was the son  
“ of the late Rev. W. Bartlett, educat-  
“ ed by him and the successor to his  
“ school.

“ One of the trustees said, “ I thought  
“ Mr. Bartlett’s son resided at Emanuel  
“ College, Cambridge ?” — “ So he  
“ does,” answered Robert, “ he is a  
“ tutor there.”

“ Is he your own brother ?” — “ Yes,  
“ fir, he is.” — “ Is he elder or younger  
“ than you, fir ?” — “ Younger, fir,” said  
“ he.

“ Thus he has imposed on the trus-  
“ tees ; and they, believing him your  
“ elder brother, favoured him.” — “ I  
“ am



“ am not surpris’d,” said I ; “ he did  
“ the same thing when he made ap-  
“ plication for my father’s living ; but  
“ did he succeed in that for this school ?”

“ Yes, sir, he did ; I had a great in-  
“ clination to go over and expose him  
“ as he deserved ; but, upon reflection,  
“ I thought I should serve you better  
“ by conniving at his deception ; for  
“ now you will be fairly rid of him,  
“ whereas he might have obliged you  
“ to sue for an ejectment, and have  
“ given you much trouble and ex-  
“ pence.” — “ You judg’d rightly, my  
“ friend, and I am glad he has so good  
“ a cause of removal ; it would have  
“ been painful to me to have gone  
“ to extremities with my sister’s hus-  
“ band, and yet I must have done it.”  
— “ You have always been too favour-  
“ able to him, I am glad you will not be  
“ put to the trial, for I still doubt your  
“ resolution in that case.”

“ You



“ You shall go with me to the house,  
“ fir ; and shall see me shew my reso-  
“ lution, I promise you.”

“ I shall rejoice to see it, fir, and to  
“ bear witness to it.”

“ You shall, John, you shall.—Now  
“ listen to me ?” I then told him the  
story of my acquaintance and connexion  
with the family of Wilmot, and of my  
engagement to Louisa. I introduced  
James to him as her brother and mine ;  
he spoke of me as his governor and  
director also. Eastwick claimed his  
friendship as a brother, and congratulat-  
ed him on the relationship, which he  
hoped was soon to take place among us  
all.

The next day, after breakfast, we  
all went to call on Robert Bartlett ; he  
received us

“ With one erected and one drooping eye.”

He welcomed me, and tried to  
look pleased ; but I saw an unquiet  
mind

mind under a smooth appearance.

I congratulated Mr. Bartlett on his late preferment. He bit his lip and shook his head. "Am I misinformed, sir," said I; "are you not elected to the school at N——?" — "Yes, sir, I am; but it is no subject of congratulation. I am turned out of this house where I have lived happily these twelve years, and where I wished to remain all the days of my life."

"Would it not be a greater hardship for me to be excluded from the house where I was born and bred? I might answer you as Naboth answered Ahab, *I will not give thee the inheritance of my father*; it was his pleasure to give it to me, and I will keep it; and if it please God, I will leave it to my children after me."

"Do

“ Do you then mean to inhabit it  
“ yourself?”—“ I do, sir ; I shall  
“ come here at Christmas, and I hope  
“ I shall bring an amiable wife with me.”  
—“ What then, do you mean to take  
“ the school from me ?”—“ If I did,  
“ it is what I have a right and power  
“ to do ; but to make your unsatisfied  
“ mind easy, I will tell you that I do  
“ not mean to continue the school ; you  
“ may carry it with you if you are  
“ able.”

“ Then, sir, I shall quit your pre-  
“ mises at Christmas, the time you  
“ have warned me to leave them.”—  
“ I wish it was possible for you to go  
“ sooner, I want to make some altera-  
“ tions, to repair and beautify the  
“ house, and make it worthy to receive  
“ its mistress.”—“ I cannot possibly  
“ leave it till the school breaks up,  
“ which will be on the 16th of Decem-  
“ ber.”

“ Very

“ Very well, sir ; I shall expect you  
“ to keep to that time, but I shall send  
“ workmen to repair and do all things  
“ on the outside of the house. Pray  
“ let me see and embrace my sister ?”

Mr. Bartlett rung the bell, and bade the servant tell his mistress a gentleman desired to see her.

“ Tell her,” said I, “ her own brother desires to see her.”

“ Why that injunction and that emphasis ?” said Robert. “ Because there have been some blunders among us of late. I am told that you are my father’s son, and my elder brother ; if so, you must have married your sister.”—“ Surely, sir, I am entitled to call you brother ?”—“ Yes, sir, by equivocation and mental reservation.”—“ Have I no other right, sir ?”

“ Yes ; that of a brother-in-law ; but that is not the style you use. I am not a stranger, sir, to any of your machinations ; sooner or later, your character

“ character is perfectly well known to  
“ me ; but I forgive you this last  
“ manœuvre because it takes you out of  
“ my way.”—“ You never was cordial-  
“ ly my friend, sir, and you have  
“ listened to the reports of my  
“ enemies.”

“ I have only been too favourable  
“ to you, considering how early I was  
“ warned of you ; but enjoy if you can  
“ the success of your schemes ; you  
“ have carried most of your points, and  
“ are established in life far above your  
“ merit and expectations.—I see my  
“ sister coming, and I do not wish to  
“ expose you to her.” She came  
in at that instant ; I met and embraced  
her. She was rejoiced to see me, and  
I believed her sincere. I introduced my  
friends to her. I told her James Wil-  
mot was brother to my contracted  
bride, and Mr. Eastwick was contracted  
to our dear sister Martha ; that I was  
coming



coming into my own house at Christmas, and hoped to spend my life there.

She congratulated me on my approaching happiness ; but envy and reserve sat on her husband's brow. She urged us to stay and dine there, but Robert did not second her ; we had no intention to stay, and were glad to depart. I desired to see her children ; she brought them to my arms, I embraced them, and soon after we returned to Eastwick's.

The next day I received a letter from my sister.

‘ Dear Brother,

‘ I have been trying to persuade my  
‘ husband to return your visit, or else  
‘ to permit me to go to you, but he  
‘ refuses both. He says that Mr. East-  
‘ wick has always been his enemy, and  
‘ that he has set you against him by

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‘ false

‘ false reports ; that you brought him  
‘ yesterday to triumph over him, and  
‘ that stranger also to see him insulted  
‘ in his own house. I then begged him  
‘ at least to let me call upon you ;  
‘ he answered me, that if I had any  
‘ regard for him, I would not enter the  
‘ house of his greatest enemy. This  
‘ gives me great concern, first on your  
‘ account, and secondly, because it an-  
‘ ticipates a refusal to visit my dear  
‘ sister, when she shall be mistress of it.  
‘ Some time ago we heard that Patty  
‘ was engaged to Mr. George Ashford ;  
‘ Robert was very much displeased at it ;  
‘ he said she was going to be married to a  
‘ pauper, maintained on charity. But  
‘ he was much more displeased at hear-  
‘ ing she was contracted to Mr.  
‘ Eastwick, and has been out of humour  
‘ ever since. In short, I am afraid he is  
‘ conscious of doing wrong things, and  
‘ that makes him so full of resentment to  
‘ Mr. Eastwick and you. Let me not  
‘ lose

‘ lose your friendship, my brother ; al-  
‘ low for my situation, love me and pity  
‘ me.

‘ Favour me with an answer to this  
‘ before you leave the village. I pray  
‘ God to bless and prosper you, and all  
‘ that are dear to you ; and remember  
‘ in your wishes and prayers your ever  
‘ affectionate sister,

‘ SARAH BARTLETT.’

I answered her letter the same day ;  
in mine I gave her the warmest assur-  
ances of my constant affection, and  
enjoined her to acquaint me from time  
to time with every thing that passed in  
her family.

I had a great desire to see my sister  
once more before I left my village ; I  
mentioned it to Eastwick. “ And  
“ what should hinder you ? ” said he ; “ are  
“ you afraid that Robert Bartlett should  
“ forbid you to enter your own house ?  
“ — Is not your sister mistress there ? —  
“ For shame, let it not be thought that

“ you want resolution.”—“ You make me ashamed,” said I; “ I will see her again without asking Robert’s leave; I will see her to-morrow.” In the afternoon the architect came whom I had written to concerning my intended alterations.

I was not sorry to have so good an excuse to go again without giving offence to Robert; for I still wished to preserve an intercourse of civility if not friendship. Eastwick rallied me on the subject. “ I will not go with you this time,” said he, “ since I am so obnoxious to your brother-in-law; but I will continue to have an eye upon him for your service.”

I went with the architect, and looked round the house. I sent a civil message to Mr. Bartlett, desiring his permission to look into the school; we followed the servant, and he did not refuse to admit us. I gave orders to the architect to divide the school, one part to be a drawing-

drawing-room, the other a store-room : to raise the roof, and build another attic story ; one part for a library, the other for a dressing-room, with a Venetian window at the end ; which would have an agreeable prospect over the fields adjoining, and to the rising hills on the other side the river.

As I was retiring, Mr. Bartlett desired to speak with me. He asked me what I meant to do with the school fixtures. I answered, to dispose of them. “ Then, sir, I hope you will give me the preference ? ” — “ I will, sir ; this gentleman shall value them for you. ” — “ Then, sir, there must be another person on my part. ” — “ Oh take care of yourself, sir ; I have always given you the turn of the scale against myself hitherto, but you remind me now to do justice to myself. This gentleman will meet your agent at any time you shall appoint. ”



When I returned into the house, I sent the builder to Mr. Eastwick's, and asked for my sister, with whom I conversed till the hour of leaving school, and took an affectionate leave of her.

At my return home, I begged Mr. Eastwick to let us set out on the morrow for Mr. Ashford's.

“ Upon condition that you let me  
“ accompany you, I will, sir; but not  
“ otherwise.”

“ You will do me a favour by giving me your company, and I trust  
“ you are assured of your welcome  
“ there.” I asked Miss Eastwick if she had no commands for me; she answered, “ No, sir; my brother is impatient  
“ to see his mistress; but my lover, as  
“ you please to call him, has no desire  
“ to see me, he is totally indifferent  
“ about me.”—“ Do not think so,  
“ madam; George Ashford's first  
“ principle of action is duty and love  
“ to

“ to his benefactor ; his second will be  
“ his duty and love to you ; and trust  
“ me he will make an excellent husband ;  
“ you will find him so.” She laughed,  
put up her lip, and went out of the room.

The next morning we set out on horseback to the town of J——, about five miles ; there we took a post-chaise and proceeded on our journey.

Mr. Eastwick urged me to hasten his marriage with my sister. I referred him to her. If she made no objection, I would consent that it should be solemnized at Christmas, and give them authority to prepare the house for my wife’s reception. He wanted it to be sooner, but I forbade him to say a word more upon the subject. James Wilmot asked if there was not another sister for him. I told him it was too early to think of marriage, and reminded him that he had yet many things to learn before he was qualified to be the master of a family. This im-

portant subject predominated during the whole of our journey.

In the evening of the second day we arrived at Mr. Ashford's, and were most joyfully received by all the family. Mr. Ashford reproached me for my long silence, and said he was beginning to be angry with me; but I was come just in time to acquit myself. I begged his forbearance till I could inform him of all that had happened to me.—I was so impatient that I took him into another room, and there briefly told him the history of my connection with the Wilmot family, and my engagement to Louisa.

He embraced and congratulated me like a real father, and was overjoyed to hear of my good fortune. “But when  
“are you to be married, and what do  
“you wait for?”—“For my return,”  
said I; “but I thought it a duty to  
“visit

“ visit you first, and obtain your consent: I would also invite you to my wedding, if agreeable.”

“ I thank you, my dear child, but I grow old, and travelling is fatiguing ; I will not go, but my consent and my blessing will ever attend you: I always said you would make a good man, and I hope you will be a happy one ; but what will you do with Robert Bartlett and the school ?”

I then told him all that had passed lately, and the lucky circumstance of his promotion. We had hardly finished our conference when we were called to supper, and to meet our other friends.

We enjoyed a happy evening, and were unwilling to separate ; but Mr. Ashford sent us to rest, saying, I have something to tell you, William, but I shall reserve it till to-morrow. Go to

rest, my children, and thank God for all his blessings to you ; after your repose you will better enjoy them.

The next morning, after breakfast, Mr. Ashford brought some papers, and read them to us. The first was a letter from Arthur Stanmore to himself.

‘ Honoured and dear sir,

‘ I send this by a Dutch ship, the  
‘ U——, bound to Amsterdam. I  
‘ send a duplicate of this packet by a  
‘ homeward-bound ship, the F——,  
‘ and a copy of the bills I enclose, value  
‘ 10,000 l. which I request you to  
‘ place in the public funds for me, as  
‘ you may think best to do at the time.

‘ I send also by the Dutch ship a box  
‘ of muslins, chintzes, and shawls, desiring  
‘ you to distribute them as you  
‘ think proper among those I love, and  
‘ those that love me ; I do however authorize



‘ thorise you to send a piece of plain  
‘ muslin and a shawl to Isaac Stanmore,  
‘ Esq; and his lady, and half a-piece to  
‘ young Isaac.

‘ To William Bartlett and Samuel  
‘ Stanmore my true and warm fraternal  
‘ affection and a remembrance; to  
‘ George Ashford my love and good  
‘ wishes.

‘ I am making money very fast,  
‘ and hope shortly to send you a second  
‘ remittance equal to the present.

‘ I am now the father of three chil-  
‘ dren; the last a daughter. My wife  
‘ Olivia is more endeared to me every  
‘ year than the past; my children are  
‘ the hopes of my heart. I mean in a  
‘ few years to send my boys home for  
‘ education, that they may be brought  
‘ up Englishmen and Christians. I  
‘ look forward to a future day, when I

‘ may meet and embrace all my dear  
‘ friends in England.

‘ I have encountered many perils and  
‘ dangers in my last journey, which have  
‘ somewhat cooled my spirit of Quixot-  
‘ ism, as you call it, and perhaps truly.

‘ I think I owe it to my family to  
‘ take more care of myself in future,  
‘ for their sakes.

‘ Tom Ashford is a favourite with  
‘ the governor and council, and I  
‘ hope he is getting forward by it. He  
‘ carries his head very high to me. I  
‘ could be offended with him, but he  
‘ bears your name, and that excuses  
‘ every thing: I will not resent any thing  
‘ to him, Adieu, my best friend and  
‘ my best father! I am, with all respect  
‘ and duty, your own creature,

‘ ARTHUR STANMORE.’

“ In

“In the next place, gentlemen, I will  
“read you a letter from another of my  
“children, called Thomas Ashford.”

‘Honoured sir,

‘I owe you my best acknowledg-  
‘ments for your last letter, and other  
‘favours with it.—The only return I  
‘can make, is by doing my duty in that  
‘way of life you have placed me in.

‘Mr. Clarkson has spoken well of me  
‘to the governor and council; I am  
‘preferred to a clerkship under them,  
‘and am getting forward, though to  
‘my thinking slowly. I am active  
‘and industrious, which is more than  
‘can be truly said of most of the young  
‘men here.

‘Those that have great interest sit  
‘still and get forward; interest stands  
‘in lieu of merit in India as well as in  
‘England. A young man who is used  
‘to

‘ to do every thing for himself at home,  
‘ is here proud, indolent, and luxuri-  
‘ ous: he must have twenty men to  
‘ wait on him: his vanity is gratified  
‘ by the attendance, and he fancies him-  
‘ self a prince.

‘ The women also, the adventurers  
‘ who come over to get an establish-  
‘ ment, start up queens, and expect the  
‘ homage of such. They say the influ-  
‘ ence of the country makes them  
‘ proud, lazy, and saucy. I will try to  
‘ counteract its influence; I will stick  
‘ close to business, in the hope that I  
‘ may one day return home, and die in  
‘ my own country.

‘ I need not tell you, dear sir, that  
‘ Mr. Arthur Stanmore is of a roman-  
‘ tic and eccentric disposition; but he  
‘ is grown reserved and mysterious to  
‘ me, which I did not expect, and was  
‘ unwilling

unwilling to believe. I have been  
‘ inquisitive after his employment and  
‘ prospects, but I can get no informa-  
‘ tion from him. He answers me  
‘ briefly, that he gets an honest living,  
‘ and then stops short.—All that I  
‘ know is, that he is in the service of  
‘ two black merchants of the country,  
‘ and that he is married to the niece of  
‘ one of them. I hope they pay him  
‘ well for his services, for he spends  
‘ freely. He is as generous as a prince,  
‘ and he has need of a princely revenue  
‘ to support his expenditure.

‘ He goes long journies, and is ab-  
‘ sent more than half the year; but no-  
‘ body knows to what purpose.

‘ It is reported that in his last excur-  
‘ sion he was often in danger of his life;  
‘ that once he was attacked by robbers,  
‘ another time he was seized by a ty-  
‘ ger: he had two servants with fire-  
arms;



‘ arms ; one of them shot the tyger in  
‘ the head, but not before he had stuck  
‘ his claws into his flesh. They brought  
‘ the skin of the beast home with them.

‘ I asked him to give me the parti-  
‘ culars of this adventure.—He an-  
‘ swered, “ Do not believe all that you  
‘ hear.”

‘ I resented his reserve to me, and re-  
‘ proached him.—He said, “ You would  
‘ extort from me what I do not choose  
‘ to tell, and you want me to relate  
‘ what would make me appear a brag-  
‘ gart and a fool ;—but your name is  
‘ Ashford, and I forgive your imperti-  
‘ nence.” I repeated the word in an  
‘ angry tone.—He came up to me and  
‘ embraced me ; saying, “ Tom Ashford,  
‘ I love thee, and nothing shall make  
‘ me quarrel with thee ; forbear ques-  
‘ tioning me, and command me any  
‘ thing.” He touched me in a weak  
‘ place ;

‘ place ; I returned his embrace, and  
‘ we parted like friends ; and yet I  
‘ have matter against him that I have  
‘ not yet mentioned.

‘ Young men are apt to complain of  
‘ hardships if things do not presently  
‘ answer their expectations. Mr. Stan-  
‘ more has suffered the company’s ser-  
‘ vants to make their complaints to  
‘ him ; he has relieved their wants, and  
‘ encouraged their complainings.—Yet  
‘ further.—A youth who was dissatisfied  
‘ with his situation, left it suddenly, and  
‘ went away we know not whither.—It  
‘ is strongly suspected that Mr. Stan-  
‘ more took him under his protection :  
‘ it is nearly two years since, and no-  
‘ thing has been heard of him. I have  
‘ dared to make inquiries after him,  
‘ but can get no satisfactory answer from  
‘ Mr. Stanmore, who spoke warmly to  
‘ me.

‘ “ It

“ “ It is well for you,” said he, “ that  
‘ your name is Ashford; but urge me  
‘ not again with your inquiries; fare-  
‘ well!” So saying he left my house,  
‘ and I have not seen him since. I  
‘ could not help telling you these parti-  
‘ culars; I thought it necessary that  
‘ you should know them. I have no  
‘ ill-will to Mr. Stanmore; I wish him  
‘ success and happiness. I take the li-  
‘ berty of sending a parcel of muslins  
‘ for your use: if you can spare a piece  
‘ for my brother George, you will give  
‘ it him yourself. I rejoice to hear that  
‘ he makes himself of service to you,  
‘ sir, and that he merits your esteem  
‘ and confidence. With a heart filled  
‘ with respect and gratitude, I am, dear  
‘ sir, your dutiful and obedient servant,  
‘ THOMAS ASHFORD.’

“ Here

“ Here is yet another letter, but it is  
“ directed to thee, William, and I have  
“ not opened it.”

“ Dear sir, why did you not ? There  
“ is not a thought in my heart that I  
“ wish to conceal from you.”

“ I believe it ; but these are the  
“ thoughts of another man’s heart, and  
“ I should think it a breach of trust :  
“ read your letter, and then if there is  
“ no objection read it to us.”

I ran the letter over with my eye,  
and then said, “ I will read it out, my  
“ dear sir, because it explains some  
“ things in Tom Ashford’s letter.”

“ I expected and hoped it would :  
“ read it, my child.”

‘ Dear William,

‘ I begin this with a remonstrance to  
‘ you and my brother Samuel. How  
‘ could you send a packet to me, and  
‘ not a line from either of you ? What  
‘ are

‘ are you doing, William, that should  
‘ exclude me from your counsels?—I  
‘ have it.—You are making love; on  
‘ that account I will excuse you this  
‘ time, but not again.—I am interested  
‘ in all your affairs, and expect you to  
‘ tell me every thing that concerns  
‘ yourself and family.—You will see  
‘ my letter to Mr. Ashford, and there-  
‘ fore I shall not repeat what I have said  
‘ in it.

‘ Yet I shall explain to you some  
‘ things that I have told him briefly and  
‘ in general terms, lest it should give  
‘ him uneasiness; for he might be dis-  
‘ pleased with one, or perhaps with two  
‘ of his children.

‘ Did you think it possible that there  
‘ should be a quarrel between me and  
‘ Tom Ashford?—Something like one.  
‘ He has endeavoured to draw from me  
‘ the secrets of my patrons; I have re-  
‘ pulsed



‘ pulsed him gently at first, but, finding  
‘ him persevere, I have done it roughly.’  
[“ Brave boy !” exclaimed Mr. Ash-  
ford ; “ I was sure his motive was like  
“ himself, brave, manly, and honest.”]  
‘ But that was only the first cause ; I  
‘ will confess to you that he came too  
‘ near me at last, and I affected to be  
‘ more angry than I really was, that I  
‘ might keep him off. He suspects  
‘ me of doing what he must disapprove,  
‘ because it is his interest to do so, and  
‘ perhaps I may be blameable in your  
‘ eyes ; but you shall hear the story,  
‘ and give me your judgment upon it.

‘ You must know, first, that I have  
‘ taken notice of some of the young-  
‘ sters in the company’s service, espe-  
‘ cially those who were sent over against  
‘ their inclinations.—I have done them  
‘ little kindnesses, which I thought due

‘ to

‘ to my countrymen, whom I looked  
‘ upon as brothers.

‘ About two years ago I got ac-  
‘ quainted with a smart boy, who was  
‘ dissatisfied with his situation. He told  
‘ me that his father was dead, that his  
‘ mother did not love him, that she ob-  
‘ liged him to go to sea against his in-  
‘ clinations, and had made the captain  
‘ of the ship promise her to leave him  
‘ in India, in any employment he could  
‘ put him in : that he was treated very  
‘ ill, used as a slave and drudge, and  
‘ he had no prospect of promotion or  
‘ advantage. The boy had heard of  
‘ my saucy spirit, and that I left the  
‘ service in consequence of ill usage.

‘ He earnestly entreated me to take  
‘ him into my protection, that he would  
‘ serve me truly and faithfully, and  
‘ begged me to save him from being  
‘ sent

‘ sent up into the country, or else employed as a servant, with no view of any thing better.

‘ I was touched with compassion for this youth, whose case very much resembled my own.

‘ I charged him to keep secret his intercourse with me, and I would see him again before my next journey. While I was preparing for it I sent for him. I represented to him the dangers of my undertaking, and magnified them. He answered me, as I once did to my best friend on the like occasion: “ When we enter upon any business with our own good liking, the difficulties shrink to nothing. If you will take me with you, sir, I will venture my life for your service. I make no conditions, pay me only as I shall deserve.”

“ Yes,

‘ “ Yes, one condition, fir ; you must  
‘ take a solemn oath to keep from  
‘ every person whatever relates to the  
‘ business I am employed in.”—He  
‘ did so freely.—I then promised to  
‘ take him with me : I bade him send  
‘ all his effects to me, by a porter of mine  
‘ whom I would send for them, and  
‘ told him the day when I should set  
‘ out. He asked leave of absence for  
‘ three days, and in the evening follow-  
‘ ing we set out, attended by two ser-  
‘ vants of mine ; one a Scotsman, the  
‘ other a native, both tried and faithful.  
‘ We travel by night for coolness and  
‘ convenience, upon mules : we had all  
‘ fire-arms for our defence.

‘ We had a safe and fortunate jour-  
‘ ney ; but on our return we met with  
‘ some difficulties and some dangers. I  
‘ had a rough embrace from a tyger,  
‘ who left the marks of his claws in my  
‘ sides.

‘ sides. My faithful Donald shot him  
‘ through the head, and we brought  
‘ home his skin as a trophy of our vic-  
‘ tory.

‘ We were attacked by robbers.  
‘ My assistants behaved well: George  
‘ Hardy, my new friend, shewed that  
‘ he would make good his promise,  
‘ and ventured his life in preservation  
‘ of mine. Our dangers have endeared  
‘ us to each other, so that nothing but  
‘ death can separate us, only for a time  
‘ for each other’s service.

‘ At my return Tom Ashford inter-  
‘ rogated me as if I had been at the bar  
‘ of a court of judicature. I answered  
‘ him ambiguously, and at last roughly.  
‘ I left him abruptly; and he thinks  
‘ me more angry than I really am.

‘ I have sent young Hardy up the  
‘ country to a cottage of mine, where I  
‘ have placed a man of a poor and de-



‘spised cast, whose wife nurses my  
‘youngest child.

‘Tom Ashford has been too busy in  
‘his inquiries; but he thinks he is  
‘doing right, and I forgive him.  
‘Adieu, my dear William! Write me  
‘every thing that happens in your fa-  
‘mily, and love me always as your  
‘friend and brother,

‘ARTHUR STANMORE.’

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



